THE JEWES TRAGEDY,

OR,

Their Fatal and Final OVERTHROW

BY

VESPATIAN and TITUS his Son.

Agreeable

To the Authentick and Famous History

OF

IOSEPHUS.

Never before Published.

By William Hemings, *Master of Arts of* OXON.

LONDON,

Printed for *Matthew Inman*, and are to be sold by *Richard Gammon*, over-against *Exceter-House* in the *Strand*, 1662.

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THE ACTORS.

Nero Cesar,	Emperor of Rome.
Agrippa,	King of Jewry:
Vespatian.	*Nero's* Gen: & after Emp:
Titus	Son to *Vespatian*.
Valerio	A Roman Captain:
Nicanor	A Roman Captain:
Ananias	High Priest for *Jerusalem*:
Gorion	Priest,
Joseph	Son to *Gorion* and Captain (of the Iews,
Eleazer, *Iehochanan*, *Simeon*	Seditious Captains of the *Jews*,
Zareck	A poor Iew,
Miriam	A Iewish Lady,
Peter	The Ladies man.

Prologus.

Iudicious friends, our Author *bids me say,*
That he hath labour'd to adorn his Play
with such Varieties; as may best
The fair deportment of a sober wit.
Stories *are strict, and challenge from the* Stage,
The true Dimensions of their former Age:
Where Fancy *guides the Plot, the Field is wide,*
And freely grants what here will be deni'd;
What's wanting to his Will *by this defect,*
Your gentle Censures, *and more* milde aspect
Will fairly answer; Grant him this, and he
Will study to deserve your Curtesie.

THE JEVVES TRAGEDY.

Act. I. Scene I.

Sound Musicke, and enter NERO, *Emperour of Rome, Crown'd with a Laurel wreath, and attended by Roman Lords, he ascends his Chair of State.*

NERO.

MY Lords of *Rome*, since first the auspicious eye
Of Heaven look't singly on our bold attempts,
We ne'r incounter'd fortunes so adverse,
Since first our Father *Romulus* ordain'd
The Eternal Fire, by vestal Nunns preserv'd,
And since Religious *Numa* did create
Our Holy Sacrifices for the Gods,
We never had such signes prodigious,
Our Bulls for Offerings to the God of War
Fell dead untoucht by hand of Holy Priest,

And

And such as wounded dye by sacred Knife,
Their Entrails spotted tells us all's not well,
The Gods are sure displeas'd.
2. *Lord.* Our War, my Soveraign, can import no less,
That *Persians*, *Grecians*, and the *Galls* revolts,
With ill success in *Jewry*, these can tell
Most mighty *Cæsar*, that all is not well.
Nero. Now by the Gods I swear,
That sturdy Nation shall repeat their pride.
Have we not sent Embassadors from *Rome*
To treat them fair, and to confirm our Truce?
Have we not sent a Bull for sacrifice?
And Sheep for offerings of a sacred Peace,
Even to the God himself whom they adore,
And in his Temple too? What could we more?
Save what we did, to give our Royal Word,
That never henceforth *Roman* Prince
Should rule the Nation, but a Native born,
Even their own King *Agrippa*.
Hear'st thou not yet of his arrival?
2 *Lord.* Our packets do inform us of his neer approach,
Each hour he is expected.
Nero. By heaven I thirst to know the certainty of their proceedings.
Nor can I chuse but wonder at the stay of our *Vespatian*,
I fear all is not well with him my Lords:
Haste thee *Hostilius* to the sacred Priests, *Exit a messenger.*
Bid them again go offer sacrifice,
I long to see some luckie signs appear. *Shout within.*
Go know the reason of that shout. *Exit a Lord.*
The cheerful noyse should seem to speak of joy.
Lord. The King of *Jewry* is at hand my Lord. *Enters a Lord.*
Nero. Now by my life he's welcom: go forth & meet him. *gen.*
And conduct him to our presence. *Exit all.*
Lord. I shall my lord.
Nero. Now have we half our wish, were but *Vespatian* here,
We had our full desire.

A Florish, and enter King Agrippa; *two of his Attendants go before him, bearing his Crown between them, with other followers; those that bear the crown kneel before the Emperor.*

K. Agrip. Thus lowe great *Cæsar* to thy Majestie
Bowes *Iurges King* to do thee fealtie.

Nero. And thus lowe *Cæsar* steps to bid thee welcom;
Welcom *Agrippa*, take from *Cæsars* hand
Thy sacred Diadem, with sole command *Hee puts the Crown upon him, & sets him by him.*
Of thy rebellious Jews.
But tel me K. *Agrippa*, where are those
Embassadors of mine, which lately were
Dispatch't with presents to thy Nation,
With sacred offrings, and with flags of peace
Embrac't with solemn joy, and safely stowde
Within our Temple, thy Embassage done
With due regards to *Romes* and *Iewrits* honor:
But loe the fury of a frantick mind,
The factious Commons in their heat of blood
Have slain thy Roman Lords, & stoutly stand
Rebellious Captains of our holy Land.

Nero. What!

Agrip. Tis true great Emperor, nor was my self secure,
But forc't to flie for safety.

Nero. Is't possible? O ye gods! *Rises and goes down.*
To what a wretched time am I reserv'd,
That this smal handful dares affront me thus?
Where art thou *Iulius*? at whose great command
The utmost ends of *Europe* did obey.
Where wer thy *Alexander*? that didst sweat to dwel
Within the circuit of this little Earth;
Behold a wretched caitiff in your room, (more;
Contemd, despis'd, rebel'd against. O ye gods! what
Not able to maintain what you have won.

Lord. Most mighty *Cæsar*,

Let

Let not thy passion rob thee of thy right;
Let *Cæsar* be himself, and then he'l see
Himself as great in pow'r, & greater in degrees of sov-
[raignty.

Nero. Away thou fawning Cur, upon my life thou flatterst me.

Lord. My Lord?

Nero. No more I say. But laugh me to scorn behind my back;
And yet, though I deserve it, take heed thou dost it not,
Upon thy life take heed; look too't—

Agrip. Great Soveraign, give *Agrippa* leave to speak,
Thou canst not Mighty *Cæsar*, now behold
Thy self, nor others, with a judging eye;
Recall thy self from passion; and be still
As great in Powre, as thou art great in Will.

Nero. Thou gav'st the wound *Agrippa*, and hast heal'd it;
But yet the loss of my Embassadors was strange; 'twvas
[vvonderous strange,
And wonderous daring too, Daring to me; to me I
[say twas daring.

Agrip. No more, most mighty *Cæsar*.

Nero. Well, I have done, pardon my hast *Agrippa*;
And you, forget what I have said.

Nero. The News. *A shout within, &*

Messen. My gracious Lord *Vespatian* is arriv'd, *enter a mes-*
And Prays admittance to your royal presence. *senger.*

Nero. *Vespatian* come? Thou bringst us happy news; *Exit*
Conduct him hither strait, we long to hear *a messenger.*
[welcom newvs.

He ascends his chair with King Agrippa.

Enter Vespatian *with other Roman Lords.*

Vesp. All happiness attend imperious *Cæsar*,
Peace from the Gods; from Europe victory;
And from *Vespatian* duty to the King.

Nero. Welcom *Vespatian*, the Gods are pleas'd indeed, *raises*
Since with thy Victors brow we crowned stand; *him.*
Glad yet our ears more with a true and full relation
Of thy succelsful voyage.

Vesp From vanquisht *Persia*, mighty *Cæsar*, we

Were

Were by ſtreſſe of weather forc't to touch
Vpon the Coaſts of *Spain*; there we renew'd
Our weather beaten Barks with freſh ſupply
Of men and Amunition: Thence we ſteer'd
Our courſe for *Gallia* and the *Britains* ſhore.
The *Gauls* at our arrival bad declare
What our intentions, whom, and whence we were.
We anſwer'd, [*Mighty Cæſar*] we were come
To claim obedience to the *Roman* yoke.
The haughty King deny'd, and ſtoutly ſtood
In bold defiance.
Long was the dreadful fight, and doubtful too,
Till at the length thy ſouldiers won the day,
And forc't their ſtubborn King in ſpight obey.
From thence great King we ſteer'd to *Britains* ſhore,
Where we were entertain'd as was of old
Our famous *Iulius*, with a dreadful noiſe
Of hiddeous outcries, ſhreeks, and yellings out
To fright our Souldiers, while themſelves made good
Their craggy Clifts with loſs of *Britiſh* blood:
Thrice were we beaten of, and thrice again
Recover'd footing: yet ſtill great King were forc'd
To give them ground till thy *Veſpatian* cry'd,
Fight, fight on your honour, lives, and *Cæſars* ſide,
For mighty *Cæſar* fight.
Hadſt thou but ſeen, great King, thy Captains then,
And *Roman* Lords come bleeding on again,
Repulſe the Foe, and bravely win the ſhore,
Maintain the Onſent ſtill, tho ſtill oppos'd,
Till Chariot waves were drown'd in *Britiſh* blood,
There hadſt thou ſeen their ranks with fury broke,
and them ſubjected to thy ſole command.
This Mighty *Cæſar* is the brief of all
Since thy Comuiſſion made me General.

Nero. Bleſt be the gods, *Veſpatian*, and be thou
Bleſt in the favour of our gracious Brow.
And now again thrice welcom worthy *Roman*,
Thy valor ſhall be crown'd with full reward
Of fair preferment worthy thy deſerts:
We therefore here create thee General
Of all *Iudea* and the Holy Land.
O my *Veſpatian*! I can tell thee ſtories
Will ſpurre thee on in fu ry to revenge.
But now no more of that——

We will to triumph for our victories;
That done, set ope the Gates of *Ianus* wide,
That bloody war may quel *Judea's* pride. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. I. SCÆN. II.

Enter Lord JEHOCHANAN, *and Lord* SKIMEON.

Skim. IS the Newt certain that *Agrippa's* fled?
Jehoc. Most certain, and to *Cæsar* for relief.
Skim. Tush! let the venom burst, I dare the worst of fates extremity;
Death entertain'd with fear more terrifies
The frighted soul, then doth the fatal blow:
Let Pidgeon-liver'd slaves be tormented thus;
I'le meet it smiling, with as bold aspect
As e're I met the braving enemy.
Jehoc. How full of hidden Ambiguities
Grow these distracted times!
The factious Commons giddy censure stand
So strange and doubtful, that 'twere policy indeed
To sound 'um to the bottom.
Skim. To be a crouching, crawling, fawning Cur,
To lick the lazy hands of pratiug Priests,
With protestations of integrity
Devoted whole to them:
With true compuction of unfeigned grief
Submissively to crave their gracious pardon:
To paw the ragged multitude with praise
Of their ingenuous care and fervent love
For preservation of the Common-wealth;
To promise fair rewards to froward fools
Perhaps, with durtie feet to mire with fawnings,
And then be beaten with the shameful staffe
Of foul Reproach:
To do all this were to be born a fool,
To live a slave, and dye a coward.
Death! I will stand between the counterbuffs
Of these devouring storms in spight of Hell;
Nor Priest, nor Pesant shall inforce me stoop
An inch to either: as I have liv'd, I'le fall,
Or freed from both, or rent up root and all.

Jehoc.

Iehoc. Or baniſhment or death we muſt expect.
Haſt thou not ſeen the ragged multitude,
Whoſe ſtupid brains are ſtuft with nothing elſe
But their mechanick skill, whoſe higheſt ſtrain
Of Cunning is to get ſome muſty meat
To feed the hungry maw, or ragged clothes
To cover nakedneſſe, proclaim us bloody tyrants?
Theſe are they
Whoſe ſtrange diſtractions guided by the voice
Of two or three, proclaim a traytors death:
Now ſave him ſtrait, and now nor ſave, nor kill,
Nor yet releaſe him; ſuch their frantick will.
Skim. The doting Prieſts believe 'um too:
Death and the Devil! woo'd it not vex one's very ſoul
To be arraign'd by theſe?
In what a hodge podge of confuſion
Lives *Iewry* now? Muſt the rough ſword of War
Be guided by the ruſty hand of Peace?
To ſtrike but when, & where, and whom ſhe pleaſe?
Muſt we, whoſe noble actions have deſerv'd
Our place of Government, by countermand ——
Of babling Prieſts be taught our leſſons how,
And when, and where, and what, and why to do?
Have our unſpotted fame traduc't by men
Of vulgar note, by painted Butterflyes
That buz the common rumours of the time
And know not why? Death! I could burſt with rage;
Iehoc. And I with laughter, to behold the State
And kingdom rul'd by a Mecanick pate.

Enter Lord Eleazer *muſled.*

Skim. See where's the prologue to the bloody Scoene,
Iehoc. Lord *Eleazer* muſled!
Eleaz. Good morrow to you both.
Skim. The like retor'd from both to *Eleazer.*
My Lord, this outward guiſe of face and geſture
May ſeem to ſpeak ſome inward diſcontent.
Elea. Nay more then *ſeem* my friends, for *ſeems* are ſhows,
But mine is ſubſtance: would it were not ſo.
Iehoc. We will be ſharers then my *Eleazer.*
Eleaz. Nay muſt, *Iehochanan*, and deep ones too,
So deep, I fear, your patience will not bear it.
Skim. It muſt be deeper than deſtruction then.

What e're it be unbosome it.

Eleaz. You are betray'd:
There's strict inquirie made to apprehend ye:
The City Gates are barr'd, and strait commands
On pain of death, that no man dare to stand
In oppositon.

Skim. We did expect no less.

Elea. Occasions of importance call me hence;
Nor woo'd I be discovered in your company:
What the event will be I know not yet;
But fear your lives are aim'd at.
A fitter time shall give a fairer scope
To my dicourse and counsel, So fare ye well. *Exit Elea.*

Iehoc. Our love and thanks go with thee.

Skim. How think'st thou now, *Iehochanan?*
Have I not trac't the Blood-hounds at the heels?
Stand'st thou amaz'd? why, didst not thou expect
The fatal blow?

Iehv. *Skimeon*, I did; nor do I fear to know
What I have heard; the Message unto me
Is but a tale twice told, whose second part
Was told by him, the first by mine own heart.
Vnto a foul whose unprepared mind
Dreams not of danger when afflictions come;
How terrible the yleok! the sudden chance
O're whelms the frame of Nature with distraction.
But to a man whose resolution stands
Vnmov'd 'twixt floods of danger and despair,
Whose sturdy stomack beats the Billows off
With Arms of constancy, when every thought
Proves traitor to the brest that gave it life;
To him no mischief fate can strive to do,
But boldly is embrac't, and scorn'd at too.
And such am I.

Skim. I do embrace thee, and with equal courage
Stand arm'd for all events. [*Enter Officers, & apprehend them.*]

Officer. By the High Priests sacred power and strict command
We apprehend ye both as traytors to the State of *Iewry.*

Iehv. We do obey. Know'st thou where *Eleazer* is? [*They deliver their weapons.*]

Offic. We met him even now hard by the Synagogue.

Skim. Befriend us with a Messenger that may
Intreat him come and speak with us; we shall
Reward you for your pains.

Offic.

Offic. It shall be done my Lord. *Exeunt:*

Enter Eleazer.

The City up in Arms, *Agrippa* fled,
The *Roman* Legate slain, and Rulers banish't;
Our sacred Father in the Royal throne,
And we his Son next in succession;
What can we wish for more? but soft,
This day our Jewish Captains are arraign'd:
Now *Eleazer* is the nick of time,
That thy aspiring thoughts may bravely mount
To Jewrie Scepter.
How my distemper'd doubts disturb my brain,
Puzzle my will, excrutiate my soul;
Distract my judgement----! O thou sacred thirst
Of swelling honor! with what powerful aw
Thou rul'st our erring actions!
Be wary *Eleazer*, and foresee
What chiefly may oppose or further thee.
If these Commanders dye, where's then thy hope
Of their united Power? No, that must not be,
Their lives are precious, and preserv'd by mine assistance,
Tyes them fast in strength and secresie.
It shall be so. *Enter Mess.*
By this time our Father's preparing to the Judgement---:
I must away to meet with him.

Mess. My honor'd Lord, the Lord *Iehochanan*, with due respect unto your Lordship desires you come and speak with him.

Elea. Tell him, we will be with him instantly.
'Tis as I could wish it, to be sent for too!
If I can bring them off, I make them sure mine own.
I will go visit them. *Exit.*

Enter Mechanicks.

1. *They say the Captains shall be rain'd to day.*

2. *Jneighbor* Oliver! *but how do they rain um? can ye tell?*

1. *Marry Neighbor I will tell ye; and for your better destruction, and more plain and pernicious understanding in the matter, I will deride my speech into sixteen several Sects.*

2. *Mercy upon us! hold Neighbor, hold; by no means, I pray; the derision will be too long of all conscience, and I shall never remember what contains to the Discourse: Let it be but two-fold Neighbor, and I shall reprehend it much better.*

1. *Very*

1. *Very good Neighbor Timothy, it shall; and I will so handle the matter, that the whole Discourse shall be derided between you and I.*
2. *I marry, that will do passing well.*
1. *Hum-'um, mark neighbor, and medigate upon the matter.*
2. *I warrant yee Neighbor.*
1. *Why look ye Sir,*
You are the Benefactor, and I am the Judge:
Now Sir your Benefactor is invited to appear before your Judge,
And to answer to such objections as he shall be justly excused for:
Now sir am I *to hear and excuse you of the crime,*
And to examine and commend your defence;
And you to accuse your self of all that is alledged against you.
2. *Peace Bully, peace; here comes the Judges.*
1. *Mas! here they come indeed! by and by come your Benefactors I warrant yee.*

Enter the High Priest, and Eleazer *his Son talking in secret with him:* Gorian *Priest, and* Joseph *his Son, with Attendants: the High Priest ascends the Chair, the other three sit below.*

H. Priest. Bring forth the Prisoners. *Iechochanan* and *Shimeon*, we do accuse ye both of treason against the state of *Iewry*. *A Bar set, and the Prisoners brought in.*

Besides, we have been true inform'd, and that not by the mouth of one, but many, that those imperious dignities which we out of our pious love conferr'd upon you, you have most foul abu'sd, by which our sacred Laws are violate, and we (though innocent) yet stand deprav'd.

Iehoc. It was, and is the custom 'mongst the *Iews*,
That the Delinquent, how e're guilty, yet
He fairly should enjoy the priviledge
Of his Accusers opposition.
Nor do I doubt that your obsequious care
And zealous chariry can derogate
So much from nobleness, as to deny
Vs fair proceedings.

H. P. What by our sacred power we can, we will.

Shim. First then, we shall desire to be inform'd
Who our Accusers are, and what the ground
Of our impeachment.
Next we request the freedom of our speech,

That

That we may fairly quit our ſelves ſo far as truth
And our unſpotted innocency require.

H.P. We grant thee both. Read their Accuſations.

[Reads.] 1. *Firſt, you are indicted for a rebellious Muteny againſt the State of* Jewry.

2. *Next, of a moſt inhumane murder executed upon the* Roman *Legates.*

3. *Thirdly, of High treaſon againſt* AGRIPPA *your lawful Sove-raign.*

L. *Ieho.* Wee'l anſwer brief to all..
That we have ſlain the *Roman* Lords, 'tis true;
But with whatfervent love & zeal unto your ſelves,
And to the State of Jewry, may appeare,
Moſt ſacred Prieſt, by our ſubmiſſions:
For had our loves prov'd traytor to the State.
Or to thy ſacred ſelf in this attempt,
We had by our command ſufficient power
To have oppoſ'd both thee and that:
But our intents were fair.
'Tis not unknown with what a heavy weight
Of ſad oppreſſion wretched Jewry ſtood,
Baſely ſubjected, till by us made free.
And call you this Rebellion?
But when I call to mind that mungril *Prince*,
That ſacriligious thief; that any thing,
Saving the ſacred Name of Soveraign:
That Baſtard-Iſſue, ſprung from *Herod's* Race,
Of low diſcent in bloud, obſcure and baſe;
Not once regarded till by *Cæſar's* Power
A ſnatch't the Royal Scepter——

H.P. No more of that.
We gave thee no Commiſſion to revile
Nor hadſt thou power to kill, nor yet to ſave
Thoſe *Roman* Legates: What by thee was done
Without our leave was flat Rebellion.
Nor is this all we do object againſt ye.
Read the Petition. [*One reads.*]

An humble Petition from the grieved Commons for the execution of juſtice upon the two ſeditious Captains, Iehochanan *and* Skimeon.

Skim. The common bawling Curs? O heaven! muſt we be weigh'd with them? with their ſimplicity? Death! I diſclaim from their Mechanick ſpleen, and this ignoble tryal.

H.P. Read out the grievances in the Petition——

Skim. Sir, I will hear no further.

H.P.

H.P. Boiles your hot blouḋ ſo high with our preferment?
Wee'l quench the fire, and then the heat will ſwage.
We here diſmiſſe thee of thy place of Government:
Now Sir ye are a private man, and we
Have ſacred Power, and ſole Authority
To ſave or kill. And, for we will not dive
Too deep into your warlike cruelty,
Nor lean too much to private lenity;
For thy rebellion and thy bold affront
We doom thee baniſhment:
We give thee three dayes liberty for thy departure:
And do command thee here on pain of death
Not to approach within our ſacred walls, nor yet *Iudea's* confines

Skim. I muſt, I do obey. *Exit.*

H.P. And for you *Iehochanan*, upon ſubmiſſion of your ſelf to us, we do releaſe thee: But I charge thee, as thou loveſt thy life and liberty, thou give us not henceforward any cauſe of juſt proceedings: So we diſmiſſe thee.

Iehoc. My humble thanks unto your ſacred Power: Nor do I crave more favour at your hands then I ſhall ſtrive henceforward to deſerve. [*Exit* and *exeunt Officers and Attendants.*]

H.P. Now we are private. O *Ieruſalem*!
Is thy decrepid Age already come!
Or art thou haſtned by untimely means
To end thy dayes of honor?
Is't not ſtrange, that we
Have ſacred power to touch their cruelty,
Yet dare not ſtrike!
Iehochanan we know as deep in blood as *Skimeon*,
Both equal guilty; yet ſhould both be baniſh't
Their equal ſtrength, united with their will,
May much endanger us; mean while we ſtand
As friends with one that we may both command.
Weep *Gorian*, weep, or elſe our hearts will break,
Our eyes will tell more then our tongues can ſpeak.
But I have done, the times are ſo extreme
We have not leiſure to lament our ſtate;
Our ſuddeh danger ſummons us to ſit
In counſel ſtrait to take ſome ſpeedy courſe
About our ſafety.

Go. Heaven give a bleſſing to our fair proceedings. [*A table brought, and they ſit.*]

H.P. How truly doth experience teach us now,
That fear once grounded in a Commonwealth,
Proves oftentimes hereditary.

The

The common rumor of *Vespasians* Host
Strikes terror to the people. O the power
Of this distracted fear! Even death it self
Appears not half so terrible: But we trifle time.
We are inform'd by sure intelligence,
That he intends within these three dayes space
Set footing in *Judea*: How appointed
Yet we know not; but to be suppos'd
In all points like unto *Vespatian*.
O *Gorion*, how methinks that Name
Begets abortive twins of horrid grief
Within this breast of mine! Those streams of blood
Which by that fatal hand were lately spilt,
Bleeds fresh within my soul.

Gor. So would they do in mine if not repeld:
To grieve our selves with what's impossible
To be repreſt, is to desire to be
More wretched then we are.

Jo. 'Tis true; it such is Nature that it strives to know
It self in wretchedness, how truly we
Acquire the center of our misery.

H.P. Wel, No more of this; now to our present business,
That you are zealous for your countries good
I rest assur'd: Nor do I doubt your care
And actual courage in a fair defence:
Such I have ever deem'd ye.
Nor do I fear but I shall find ye now
The same. Now your attentions, then your fair assents
To what I have to utter.
To broach a war, and not to be assur'd
Of certain means to make a fair defence,
How e're the ground be just, may justly seem
A wilful madness: Such is *Jewries* case.
Are not our Towers defac't! our Walls unbuilt?
Our Forces weakned, and our treasure spent?
Our countrey ruinate, our people too
Imbroile in native blood? O *Gorion* see,
Judea wars with *Rome*, *Rome* with the world,
The world is conquer'd, and yet *Jewry* stands
In opposition: Is not this to be
Our own tormenters in self-cruelty?

Go. We know the weakness of our State to be
Vnable to resist, yet know not how
To yeeld, or not to yeeld, or what to do:

The furious tempest drives us on the Rocks
Of Forreign and Domestick Enemies:
The raving multitude will not endure
To pay the *Roman*-tribute.

Elea. VVhere common dangers meet with equal power,
It stands not with our Honors to expose
Our lives and fortunes to a base repulse.

H.P. VVe will proclaim it death to him that dares
Deny the tribute Money.

Iosep. That were to blow the fire that burns so hot already.
Such is our fate that we are forc't to fight
VVith *Rome*, or with our selves.

H.P. Since so it is, we will not sheath our sword
In our own bosom; we will rather dye
By *Roman* sword, then native butchery.

Elea. Bravely resolv'd; nor do I doubt to see
Judea's ruines, loss and poverty
Made good again with loss of *Roman* blood. *Enter a Mes-*

Mess. Peace to this sacred Meeting, but to *Judea* bloody wars: [*senger.*
Vespatian with ten thousand horse, and forty thousand foot is now arriv'd.

H.P. Hast thee immediate to *Iehocanan*, bid him proclaim *Vespacian* coming, command him in our Name to muster up his forces, and to attend your further pleasure.

Mess. I shall my Lord.

H.P. Is't possible, already come! we must be speedy then in our designs.

Iosep. 'Twere best with speed to send Embassadors
To crave a truce for some small time whilest we
Prepare our selves in fair hostility.

Elea Shame blast thy tongue, shall *Iewry* seek
To Heathen Nation? Let their venom burst
Into the worst of malice, we will stand
In terms of equal Honor.

Go. Thy judgement *Eleazer* is too rash,
Thy youthful blood boils fury in thy breast
And captivates thy reason unto passion.

Elea. *Gorion* I tell thee- --

Iosep. *Ioseph* tells thee first,
That if thou blast my Fathers tongue with shame
As thou hast blasted mine, may *Ioseph* lose his Name
Of sacred Priesthood; but- --

H.P. I do command you cease, the blood of strife
Begins already to seize our sacred streets:

I there-

I therefore will assign to each by Lot
His several command, nor will my self stand free,
But bear a part in this hostility.
VVe will, even in the period of our age
Grow strong again, inflam'd with holy rage
Of our dishonor. VVithin there, bring forth the Lots.

Elea. To me the country of the *Edomites.* *One brings Lots, they draw and open them.*
Iosep. To me *Galilee.*
H.P. To us *Ierusalem.*
Go. To all success from Heaven, may each man be
Inspir'd with holy Zeal and Chivalry. *Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Actus Primus.

ACT. II.

Incipit Actus Secundus, Scæna Secunda.

Sound Droms, and enter VESPATIAN *and* TITUS *his Son:* VALERIO *and* NICANOR, *two Captains, with others.*

Vesp. VALERIO.
Val. My gracious Lord.
Vesp. Since now we are thus happily arriv'd
VVithin *Iudea*'s Confines, March thou
To *Galilee*, say we offer peace
To *Iewries* Priests from *Romes* great Emperor;
But on thy life take heed thou speak us not
In too rough Language: Let thy milder phrase
Sute thy Embassage with a pleading stile,
Adorn'd with powerful Eloquence;
Yet with such graceful brave aspect, that thou
Eclips not *Roman* Honor.
The *Iews* are stout and lofty, therefore Art
Shall give the first Alarum: If they refuse,
Let then our *Roman* Eagle be displaid
VVith all her sable Feathers, soaring high
O're sad *Iudea*'s desolation.
Val. My Lord I shall obey. *Exit.*
Vesp. Is the Ammunition safely landed?
Tit. My Lord it is, and brought from *Antioch*, within a dayes journey of *Gamala.*

Vesp. See it be safely stow'd, and let our Iron Rams be strongly fitted for the battery.

Ni. It shall be done.

Vesp. I'le make this sturdy Nation's greatness stoop
To *Romes* command, or spend my aged blood
In the Attempt.
See there be store of strong Scaladoes too;
VVe'el force their breaches in, despight of death,
And raze their sacred buildings to the ground.
Lead on to *Galilee*. *Exeunt.*

Enter ZARECK.

Zare To be a piece of walking c ay, a thing
VVhose highest happines hath ever been
To keep it self alive, and that life too
Not for it selfe preserv'd, but others; is
To be worse then a Beast; for they
(However miserable in effect)
Yet live contented, void of Reasons eye;
They cannot see nor feel their misery.
To be a man whose wretched life is fraught
As full of fears as minutes, whose calamities
the world laments, and yet not know his plague,
Is to be happy: Why should Nature give
More priviledge to beast then man?
Lives there a Deity whose powerful hand
Moves the great Module of this Vniverse;
And can this be? Soft, Who comes here---*Iehochanan*---
I will withdraw my self.

Enter IEHOCHANAN.

The Letter shall be writ immediately;
I but the means, the trusty means to send it:
For to begin a work of such importance,
And in the midst, even when the brave design
Grows ripe with action, to be jaded then
Woo'd prove a piece of policy to be
Laught at by School-boyes. VVhat a secret maze
Of hidden danger may the working brain
Securely trade in, if not guided by
The wary judgement! Certainly there is
More crafty wiles and ambiguities
VVithin this secret trade of villany.
Then in the world beside: something must be done
With speed and safety. *Zareck blows the Winde in that Door.*
If I reveal the secret to a man

VVhose-

Whose frighted soul strikes from the undertaking,
I loose my self for ever; and to be
Assur'd in this, is impossible.
Since then the weighty project must depend
Upon uncertainty, advise *Iehochanan*
Upon some secret way, whose circumstances
Bar apparent danger---Stay, that must not be;
To break it to a near Ally,
Were to invite his zealous charity
To countermand the Plot. No---I must find a man
Whose pining carcase wearied out with wo,
Gapes after Gold; there---there must be the pill
To work it.

Zare. If my genius fail me not, I am the man: I'le shew my self. [*a part.*

Iehoc. Well, I'le about it----ha!
There stands a fellow whose dejected Estate
Proclaims him truly wretched; cruel Fate
Looks frowningly upon him: what a troop
Of sorrows muster in his face, and yet
He looks methinks as if a did despise
His present Fortune: I'le try what's in him.
Come hither fellow, why didst thou gaze even now
With such a serious eye on those despised rags?

Za. Yet these (how e're despis'd) will not afford
A ragged answer to resolve your doubt;
This ruin'd outside may for ought you know
Have a fair inside: Did your Lordship think
That that was tatter'd too:
Why what have you to do to question me?
Should I have ask't your Lordship what even now
Your brains were busied on, you would have call'd
Me sawcy fellow for my pains, I'me sure.
And yet behold, Nature hath been to me
As freely loving in distributing
Her sundry gifts, as she hath been to you;
My Limbs right shap't, my faculties endu'd
With as much vigor as the best of yours;
My thoughts as free; nor is my will confin'd
With streighter limits then anothers is:
VVheres then the difference? Is't because I wear
These ragged Robes? why these do clothe me too;
Yours do no more, nay not so much perhaps;
For these (however poor) yet keep me warm [*apart.*

Iehoc.

Iehoc. I have not seen such boldness in such distress. [*apart.*
I'le yet try him further.
Why thou despised wretch, thou pittiful
Patch't piece of misery, made for nothing else
But to be pointed at, thou nasty thing,
Whose noisom savour poisons those that meet it:
How dar'st thou be so impudent?
Za. But that I do delire to vex thee more,
I would not answer thee:
I dare! did I but know the way to doo't, vex thee to death;
And (for I know 'twill ease thee now to rail)
I'le leave thee to thy self. *About to go out.*
Iehoc. I prethee stay, by this light I do love thee beyond expression.
Za. How should I know that?
Iehoc. Do but come back, and I will give thee proof of my affection:
Thy Name? *Comes back.*
Za. *ZARECK.*
Iehoc. Take that, and if thou dar'st but do what I command; *Gives him*
Thou shalt not want preferment. *5 Gold.*
Za. 'Tis Gold! If I dare do! if perform not what's in man to do,
Let me be curs't into more misery then I have endur'd.
Iehoc. Canst thou be secret too?
Za. I can be any thing.
Iehoc. Hark then, and take a weighty secret from me,
Thou know'st L. *Skimeon*?
Za. Very well.
Iehoc. Hast heard the time, the manner in each circumstance
Of his late banishment?
Za. I have.
Iehoc. And yet thou seest that I have freedom. Now mark:
The fawning Prelates under fair pretence
Of love and liberty, intend my ruine;
My life is aim'd at *Zareck*.
Which (for they dare not publikely attempt,
Fearing the Commons which on my side stand)
They'le act in private; but *Iehochanan*
Will live in spight of all their policy.
Thou know'st the City Gates are slightly kept,
This third succeeding night I have designd
Lord *Skimeons* entrance with ten thousand men:
This briefly shall acquaint him with the plot *VVrites.*
Which thou shalt carry; but as thou lov'st thy life,
Be secret *Zareck*.
Za. Silence it self shall not be more my Lord.
Iehoc. This done, return again with expedition.

And

And then---I, there's the master-piece indeed,
The Gates, the City-Gates must be surpriz'd.
Za. Let me alone for that.
Jehoc. The watchmen must be murder'd *Zareck*, and I fear
Least in revealing of the plot to many
We be discover'd.
Za. Not for a world.
Jehoc. How then?
Za. I'le doo't my self.
Jehoc. Thy self! thou canst not.
Za. Tush fear not my Lord:
The drowsie watchmen in the dead of night
(void of suspition) will be taken napping.
Jehoc. Dar'st thou attempt it then alone?
Za. Rest you secure, if I perform it not
I lose my self, you stand still undiscovered.
Jehoc. Well, I will build upon thy trusty resolution.

Enter a Messenger.

Jehoc. To whom thy Message?
Mess. Vnto you my Lord.
The sacred Priesthood greets you well, and doth command you
muster up your Forces ready to attend their further pleasure.
Jehoc. It shall be done. *Exit Mes.*
Vespatian is at hand, and we have power
To raise our Forces; what a blessed hour
This Message came in! *Skimein* let in,
Our Forces joind; the Citizens will turn
to us for fear: Now *Zareck* play thy part,
And I will hug thee for thy precious Art. *Exeunt.*

Enter JOSEPHUS *and Captains.*

Josep. What think ye Soldiers, is not *Jewry* mad
to wage a war with such a potent Prince
Whose territories do extend as far
As *Britain*, and the Kingdom of the *Gauls*.
1 *Cap.* I fear the factious Commons are seduc't
And gatherhead against the sacred priests.
Josep. 'Tis to be fear'd indeed: I wonder much
The Messenger returns not from *Jerusalem*:
The News is certain that *Vespatian* means
To give the first assault to us in *Galilee*;
We must be therefore sudden in our actions:
I muse what good effect our Letters take.
2 *Ca.* See here my Lord, the Messenger.

Josep.

Joseph. Of peace I hope, so it may stand with honor, thou com'st in happy time, we shall reward thy pains and care. *Enter a Mess.*

Mess. My Lord, about to deliver your Letters to the sacred Priesthood, I was prevented by *Jehochanan*, and dispatcht away with this unto your Lordship. *Delivers the Letter, and exit.*

Joseph. Our Letter's intercepted all's not wel I fear. *Opens the Let. & reads*
Josephus, we have received thy Letters, and know not whether we may question thy wisdom or thy valour; we will at this time censure neither, but leave them to a further tryal of thy actions: But on thy life take heed thou treat not with Vespatian *for a peace. So fare thou well, or ill, which thou deservest:* Jehochanan.
Call'd Coward to my face! Oh heaven
Bear witness now with what disdainful scorn
I enterrain that title!
Jehochanan thou lyest, and would to Heaven I were
Within the distance of this trusty Blade
to make it good: Death! have I outliv'd my reputation?

1 *Cap.* Nay good my Lord.

Josep. Indeed I trifle time, we have no leisure to be passionate.
You see in what a maze of misery
the State of *Jewry* stands; if therefore we
Wil prise our Honours, or our Countreys good,
we must with resolution bid defiance to *Vespatian*.
If we embrace a peace, we raise a war
Amongst our selves, and so we make a breach
For *Rome* to enter: Hark! hark! *Vespatian* is at hand: [*Drums beat afar off.*
Courage brave Soldiers, let not *Romes* command
Abate your valours; make speed to muster up your Forces;
to morrow early e're the break of day,
I mean to give them battel. *Exeunt.*

Enter an Herauld, and VALERIO *with a white Flag; the Herauld summons the town to a parley, is answered; and enter* IOSEPH *and Captains upon the wall.*

Valerio. To thee the chief Commander of this place,
And to the rest, my Master bid me say
He sends this Flag of Peace, and wills thee pay
the wonted tribute to the *Roman*-State: this done,
A doth command thy late subjection.

Josep. Bold *Roman* tell thy Master we defie
His proud Commands; nor will *Judea* pay
The wonted tribute: Bid *Vespatian* come

Him-

Himself, and do his Message.

Val. Rebels take heed, if great *Vspatian* come,
He comes in blood.

Jo. Proud *Roman*, tel thy Master, *Joseph* scorns
to parley with a meaner then himself;
tell proud *Vespatian*, that *Judea* stands
In equal terms of honour with his Lord.

Val. Jew, thou't repent this arrogancy.

Jo. *Roman*, I tell thee, ere this Holy Land
Shall yeild obedience to the *Roman* yoke,
Joseph will make the Roman Eagle totter.

Val. Rebel farewel, when next we meet, I'le try
How well thou canst maintain this bravery. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Vespatian, Titus *and* Captains, *with Drums and Colours.*

Vesp. How far are we now from *Jorpata*?

Tit. Within the distance of a League my Lord.

Vesp. What think ye Souldiers, shall we be receiv'd in peace?

Nica. My Lord I doubt it.

Ves. Well, how ere it be, we are prepar'd.

Tit. I give to thee the sole Command
Of the right wing; to thee the left, *Nicanor*.
My self will stand betwixt ye both,
that I may see your equal Valour strive
For equal Honor in the Victory.

Tit. My Lord---*Valerio*!

Vesp. Welcome *Valerio*, com'st thou in peace?

Val. My Lord prepare to fight,
thesturdy Citizens intend this night
to bid you battel.

Vesp. What! are they stil so stout?
By Heaven I'le scourge their pride.

Val. My Lord, I saw them troop upon the hil,
Not two mile distant: Hark! their Drums do beat,
they march. *Drum beat afar off.*

Vesp. Courage my *Roman* Souldiers, let me see
this day your brave attempts for *Rome* and me.
They come: *Valerio*, make good the Vanguard.

Val. I shall my Lord.

Enter Joseph *and Captains, with Drums and Colours.*

Jo. What mean'st thou *Roman*, to disturb our peace?

Vesp. Rebel, I do command thee kneel in *Cesar*'s name.

Io. Command thy slaves, for *Joseph* scorns to bend
Were *Cesar* here himself.
Titus. How's that?
Jo. *Titus* I tell thee, *Joseph* is a Prince,
Deputed for the State of *Galilee*,
Royal in Blood; and *Cesar* is no more,
Nor thou so much.
Vesp. Com'st thou to brave it out bold Jew, with words?
Wee'l shew thee deeds to prove our Honors by; *Drums*
And when thou seest our pedegrees made good
Write thou thine own descent in Roman blood.
Drums beat, and trumpets.
They fight within, and enter Titus and Joseph *at several doors, they fight:* Joseph *retires: And enter* Vespatian *wounded in the Leg with an Arrow.*
Titus. How fares my Father?
Vesp. Lead me aside *Titus*, I am hurt. *Exeunt. Leads him out.*

Enter Valerio *and* Nicanor.

Val. The fight was bravely man'd on either part:
Pray Heaven the General be well.
Nica. I saw his silver tresses circled round
With troops of Souldiers, till his valiant Son
Bravely reliev'd him.
Val. The Jewish Captain bravely stood it out,
Even when his ranks had left him:
Didst thou not see him when he was begirt
With troops of Romans, with what brave advantage
A still maintain'd the fight? and then, even then
When death stood gazing on him, and his men
Adjudg'd him lost, through what a bleeding Lane
A bravely made his way, and so escap't?
Ni. This way a took; come let's pursue the chase. *Exeunt.*

Enter Joseph *wounded, leaning upon his Sword.*

Io. This way, or that? is't so? then I have caught my self, and must take neither. So—— I must obey—— *Lies down.*
Lye there thou wretched carcass, and prepare
thy self for dissolution. O Heavens! see
the strange desires of base Mortality.
Canst thou desire to live, thou wretched Earth,

And

And see thy Honour dye? O misery
Beyond expression.

Enter Josephs two *Captains.*

1 *Cap.* This way our Leader took.
2 *Cap.* See where he lyes.
1 *Cap.* How fares my Lord?
Ioseph. Even as the Lyon fares,
When strong entangled in the Hunters toil,
A chases his Royal heart with rage, to see
Himself intrapt. *Cry within, follow, follow, follow.*
1 *Cap.* My Lord, we are pers'd even at the heels,
Shift for your life.
Ios. Away and save your selves, my wounds will not give leave.
1 *Cap.* Come, we will bear you hence.
Ios. Your hands, stay:
Within this Vale there is a secret Cave,
Whose private entrance now o'regrown with mosse,
Will hardly be discern'd: Lead me to that.
1 *Cap.* Happily thought of. *They enter the cave.*

Enter Titus, Valerio, Nicanor.

Titus. 'Tis beyond my understanding which way their General hath scap'd us.
Val. And mine too, my Lord; but sure I am a cannot be far hence: Nor can a long continue where a is:
Vnless Camelion like a feeds on air.
Ti. Well, hee's a noble fellow; if thou find'd him *Valerio*, use him with equal honor to his worth.
Val. My Lord I shall.
Ti. Tell him on the faith of great *Vespatians* Son,
A shall be gently us'd. So fare thee well, I with thee good success.
Val. My Lord I shall obey. *Exit Titus.*
What course shall we take now, *Nicanor*?
Ni. Troth we may wink and chuse; our first and second course is all but Sallets: Phylick, Physick *Valerio*, most inexpressible Physicks; why I have walkt my self into such an abstract of abstinence that I can relish ye the distinct nourishment of the thicker, thinner, and more refined air, and shall in time, no doubt, attain to the perfection of the Camelions diet.
Val. Prethee be serious now,
And lets pursue the search.

Ni. Content; but by this hand I swear
I will endur't no longer then this night. *Exeunt.*

Enter the two Captains out of the Cave.

1 *Cap.* Death, I am almost starv'd,
My hungry maw devours my vital blood.
What is to be done?
2. *Cap.* To make escape's impossible;
We are begirt with Romans round about.
1 *Cap.* Death, shall we dye like Dogs?
2 *Cap.* No, in despight of hunger, we will dye like men. *Draws.*
Here, take this weapon, and despatch me first. *takes the weapon.*
1 *Cap.* Stay, swear to be constant in the brave performance.
2 *Cap.* I do, do thou the like. *Kisses the Sword.*
1 *Cap.* I vow the same: we are agreed.
And now in honour to our brave farewel,
We'l kill our Captain first.
2 *Cap.* Content, let's call him out.
1 *Cap.* What, ho, *Joseph*, come forth, prepare thy self to dye. (*Joseph comes out with his weapon drawn.*
Jo. Are we discovered?
2 *Cap.* Yes, hunger has spy'd us in her grannams den,
And sent her Sister Famine to devour us
Jos. What means this mad Discourse?
1 *Cap.* Know brave Commander, we have cal'd thee out
To lead thy Souldiers in the march of death.
As thou hast liv'd, so thou shalt bravely dye,
thou art the Prologue to our tragedy.
We mean to kill thee; therefore prepare thy self.
Jos. Villains ye dare nor.
1 *Cap.* Dare not---- *Offers a thrust at him.*
Jos. Hold---ask counsel first of Heaven, & tel me then
Which of your bold rebellious tongues dare speak
So fowl a word: O ye wretched fools!
Where is that better part of man become,
whose nobler Nature hunger cannot touch,
that can endure to feel the Carcase pine,
Yet scorn to yeild, till by a power Divine
It's summon'd to obey? Lo, where's your valour now?
Lives it within this wretched lump of earth?
Or is it seated in the sacred soul?
O Heavens! have we power to make
the most despised creature breathing here?
And shall our daring hands presume to take
Away the noblest? For shame remember----

1 *Cap.*

1 *Cap.* No more, by heaven we will endure no longer;
Thinkst thou with words to alter our intent?
Come, prepare thy self, for we have sworn.
Ioseph. Hold---I do consent:
But let me crave a little time of truce
To make my peace with Heaven.
2 *Cap.* We grant it thee.
Io. I am resolv'd to dye: *Jo. prays apart.*
But ere I do receive the fatal blow,
I do command ye by the sacred tye
Of solemn Oaths, to grant me one request.
1 *Cap.* Except thy life and ours, we yeild to any thing.
Io. I do embrace your offer.
Here, swear on your Honours to perform what I command.
Cap. We swear to do it. *They swear upon his Sword.*
Io. Since then our dying minutes do depend
upon each others fatal Execution,
to free each person from the bloody guilt
Of wilful slaughter, I ordain by lots,
Each man receive his death:
the manner shall be this.
Our number in the Cave is forty just,
We will unite our selves by two and two,
then cast by lots which couple shall dye first:
the couple first to dye shall likewise cast
Which of them two shall kill his fellow, then
He that remaineth shall make choice of one
Of the next lot to take his life away.
This done, each may in order fairly dye
Without the guilt of wilful butchery.
1 *Cap.* We like thy counsel well, make thou the lots,
And let us to the Execution. *they enter the cave.*

Enter *Nicanor*, and *Valerio*.

Ni. This search is endless, which way now *Valerio*?
Va. Faith even to bed I think.
Ni. Into what secret angle of the earth
Is this distressed *Iew* retired?
Va. Hee's not above ground sure, or if a be,
Hee's metamorphosed to some other shape. *Groan in the Cave.*
Ni. Hark, what noise was that?
Va. Your fancy sure, I heard no noise.
Ni. Prethee be still and listen. Hark, *Groan agen.*

I have

I hear it now, let us go forward and enquire the cauſe.
Ni. Which way came it?
Va. That way:
Ni. Let us go ſoft and liſten. *They go ſoft along, and Exeunt*

Enter Ioſeph, *and his fellow with weapons.*

Cap. Why doſt thou lead me out?
Io. To kill thee if thou make reſiſtance, thou fool ---
Canſt thou beleeve that *Ioſeph* means to dye
Without his Makers leave?
Curſt be that hand that dares be liſted up
Againſt the power that made it,
Even by that ſacred power, whoſe awful name
I dare not utter, tis not I fear to dye,
But to offend ſo great a Majeſty:
Cap. Tuſh I will not hear thee, prepare thy ſelf to fight,
I am reſolvd to dye.
Io. Be wiſe thou wretched man, and do not fool
thy life away, remember who I am
that hath preſerv'd thee in the lot with me,
Beware thou tempt me not too far,
If thou reſiſt me, by all thats good, I vow
to kill thee, and preſerve my ſelf.
Cap. Thou haſt prevaild, do with me what thou wilt,
Io. Retire we then into the Cave agen, leſt we be diſcovered.
They enter the Cave.

Enter Valerio *and* Nicanor *agen following.*

Ni. By this light Ile follow thee no further.
Va. Prethee be patient lets but ſearch this vale,
And on a *Romans* word we will retire,
Didſt thou not hear it ſince?
Ni. No, or if I did I woo'd not tell thee ſo,
For fear we amble out another night:
But ſure I am we are not far remote
From whence we heard it firſt:
Va. There's ſurely ſome enchantment in this place,
I will enquire the cauſe:
What ere thou art that in this ſhady grove
Do'ſt ſhroud thy ſelf from ſight, whoſe diſmal voice
Declares the ſtory of ſome ſad diſtreſs.
Be thou infernal feind confined here,
To dwell in darkneſs for a thouſand year,
Or be thou ſome ſad ſoul enforc't to dwell

Within

Within this place, till thou return to hell,
Or be thou Goblin, Fairy Elf or Hag,
Or Witch in shape of wolf that lov'ſt to drag
Poor infants to the den; what ere thou be
If thou have power to ſpeak, I charge thee anſwer me.
Jo. If thou wilt tye thy ſelf by ſolemn vow. *Speaks in the Cave.*
Not to diſcover me. I will declare
Both who, and where I am:
Ni. Art thou there old boy?
Val. Tye me to any thing but that, and I will grant it thee,
And ſwear to doo't.
Jo. Art thou a *Roman*?
Va. I am.
Jo. Swear then to bring me ſafe unto *Veſpatian*.
Va. By all the gods I will:
Jo. Tell me thy name,
Va. *Valerio*.
Jo. Make now a Covenant 'twixt thy ſelf and me,
That what thou haſt proteſted may appear
Under thine hand and ſeal.
Write that thou wilt conduct both me and mine
In ſafety to thy Lord *Veſpatian*. *Writes, and reaches it to him on the end of his Lance, and then* Jo. *and the Capt. comes out.*
Va. To give thee ſatisfaction I will doo't:
Where art thou now?
Jo. Here. *Opens the Cave.*
Doo'ſt thou not know me *Roman*?
Va. Art thou that brave Commander of the *Jews*,
Whoſe Martial Proweſs *Rome* doth ſo admire?
Jo. Lo I am he brave *Roman* that have ſtood
The furious ſhock of my diſtreſſed fate;
Behold me now, and whilſt thou lookſt upon
This lump of earth captivd to thee and *Rome*,
Know then that *Joſeph* dares, but cannot dye,
Our ſacred Law forbids ſuch cruelty.
Va. By all the tyes of a true *Roman* word,
Thou art nobly welcome.
Ni. Welcome to us both.
Jo. To both my equal thanks,
N. Where are the Souldiers that eſcaped with thee?
Jo. Dead all, ſave this, whom I deſire you both
To favour as my ſpecial friend, and one
Whoſe valour may deſerve your love:
The circumſtances of the others loſs
We will refer untill ſome fitter time.

Va.

Va. Let it be ſo.
Come my brave Souldier, great *Veſpatians* ſon
Will joy to ſee thee ſafe. *Exeunt*

Sound Muſick, and enter a Dumb Shew. Veſpatian and Titus two Souldiers follow bearing a Crown, Veſpa. conferreth with Titus, then enter Valerio and Nicanor *with* Ioſeph *and the Cap. they preſent* Ioſeph *to Veſpa.* Ioſeph *kneels, Veſpatian and Titus imbrace him, Valerio and* Nicanor *whiſper with the Souldiers, take the Crown of them, and preſent it kneeling to Veſpatian, he refuſeth twice, they draw and force him to aſcend and take it;* Titus *kneeleth, Veſpatian imbraceth him:* Ioſeph *takes leave of* Titus *and the reſt, and exit with Veſpatian, and the Captains conſuls, and* exeunt *at the other doors.*

Chorus. Romes great Commander, *Nero*, lately dead,
Behold, now good *Veſpatians* aged head
Enjoyes the Diadem, conceive him now
Ariv'd at *Rome* there with a ſolemn vow
Of bloody war, he raiſeth freſh ſupply
to aid his valiant ſon in *Galile*:
Ioſeph is ſent to *Rome* by *Ceſars* ſon,
there lives a captive till the wars begun
Againſt *Ieruſalem*, mean time we pray
Let pleaſing muſick charm the time away.

Finis Actus Secundus.

Incipit Actus tertius, Scena ſecunda.

Enter Zareck, *with* Ieho. *Letter.*

THe time ſteals on apace, I muſt be brief in my delivery.
Knocks within. Who knocks?
Za. A ſervant to she *Lord Iehochanan,*
Serv. Your buſineſs?
Za. 'Tis private to your *Lord,*
Serv. I will inform him ſo: Enter *Skimeon.*
Skim. From whom thy buſineſs?
Za. Read this my *Lord*, and you ſhall be reſolv'd.
Skim. My Lord, multiplicity of words protract time, the third night from the date of this you ſhall have entrance into the City, be ſudden, ſtrong, a bold farewel. *Reads the Letter.*

I ſhall

[29]

I ſhall not fail, commend me to thy Lord, and bid him reſt aſſured of my appearance. *Exit.*

Za. I will my Lord.

Skim. Farewel, be ſudden, ſtrong, and bold; *Za.* I will be all. *Exit.*

But 'tis *Iehochanan* to work thy fall.

Enter *Eleazer.*

Elea. To be, or not to be, I there's the doubt,
For to be Sovereign by unlawful means,
Is but to be a ſlave to baſe deſire,
And where's my honour then?
What a ſtrange buzzing of ambition
Purſues my thirſty ſoul?
O *Eleazer!* can thy traytor breaſt
Give harbour to a thought of Paricide?
It is thy father, O the ſacred tye
Of filial duty, how that awful name
Affrighteth all my faculties with fear ---
With fear? --- of what? --- with foolery by heaven;
If there be ought within this awful name
That can extort obedience from a ſon,
'Tis but the rotten Carcaſs, there's the thing
That for to pleaſe its ſelf begets another,
So does a beaſt, and yet 'twixt them we ſee
An equal freedome of ſociety:
As for the nobler part of man we know
That's of a higher birth, if it be ſo,
Thus low my knee ſhall bend, but thou my heart *Bends his knee.*
Scorn to obey, remember where thou art:
I am reſolv'd, the times are bloody, and the peoples hearts
I hear, are bent on me: *Iehochanan* the man
that I muſt fairly cloſe withall, this done,
We ſhall be ſtrong for oppoſition.
Soft, here a comes.

Enter Jehochanan.

Jehoc. My Lord *Eleazer.*

Elea. *Iehochanan*, well met.

Je. My Lord, if without a breach of manners, I might be bold to queſtion with your Lordſhip; I ſhould deſire to know the ſecret cauſe of your accuſtomed ſadneſs, which good my Lord (pardon my boldneſs) as tender of your Lordſhips health and honour, I have of late obſerved

Elea. O my *Iehochanan*, I know thou loveſt me well [*embraces him.*
Nor will I in words or actions give the cauſe
To ſay I am unthankful, though I muſt confeſs
The greateſt part of my requital, is
Too mean for thy deſerts, the means *Iehochanan*,
I want the means to counterpoiſe thy worth.
Io. O my gracious Lord, your love hath ever been
A full requital to my poor deſerts:
But, good my Lord, the cauſe of this your ſadneſs?
Elea. O I have been tormented to the ſoul,
To ſee the ſtrange diſtraction of the times,
To ſee the ſacred City rul'd by thoſe
Whoſe poor decrepid brains are fitter far
For drowſing pillows, than for bloody war.
Io. My Lord your father---
Elea. O that cheating name,
With what a magick ſpell it doth bewitch
The crazy judgement, and beſot the ſoul
With adoration of this lump of earth?
Io. You know my Lord there is a ſacred tye
Enjoyns obedience.
Elea. Tuſh, meer policy,
A trick, a cheat, to keep the world in aw:
Death, I am vext to think how men are gull'd.
Io. My Lord, I underſtand not what you mean,
Elea. Thou canſt not be ſo dull:
Is't ſo? I dare not utter now, what I conceive,
O my good Lord remember that your father-- *Aparte.*
Elea. No more, by all that's good I hate the name of father. *Io.* Death,
Io. Now I have found ye Sir, and muſt have leave *I am diſcover'd*
To tell your Lordſhip that you do me wrong,
From which of all my actions have ye pickt
Even but a ſhew of treaſon to the ſtate?
Elea. How? ye forget your ſelf.
Io. Tis you my Lord that both forget your ſelf and me.
Elea. Agen?
Io. Nay I muſt tell ye, 'twas not for your honour,
Vpon the buzzing of ſome bare report,
To undermine your friend.
Elea. Speakſt thou this in earneſt?
Io. I do, and will in earneſt ſtand
Againſt that traytor whoſe preſumptuous hand
Dare touch your aged father.
Elea. Vngrateful ſlave, the traytor I return

With

With intereſt of what thou doſt deſerve,
Traytor to me, and traytor to the ſtate.
Ie. This, but to play another time upon me,
Which ended, ſtill *Iehochanan's* the ſame.
Elea. Dar'ſt thou not ſtand for *Eleazer* then?
Ie. I neither dare, nor will:
Elea. Then I dare kill thee. *They draw and fight.*
Ie. Hold, art thou in earneſt?
Elea. The to'ther bout will tell thee;
Ie. Swear by the honour of a loyal friend,
And I beleeve it.
Elea. By heaven I ſwear, and by the ſacred tye
Of ſettled friendſhip, what my words expreſs,
My actions ſhall confirm.
Ie. Then thus I do imbrace your love. Now my Lord,
What ere the project be,
I vow aſſiſtance and fidelity:
Elea. Then take it thus,
Thou haſt command to muſter up thy forces,
Let it be done with expedition,
My doting father hath devis'd this plot
To cheat the Citizens, whoſe greedy ſouls
thirſt for *Veſpatians* blood; but fearful, they
while thus they gull the people, mean to pay
the wonted tribute money, and with ſlaviſh fear
to crave a peace of the proud Emperour.
This on my life is true, but wee'l prevent it.
Ie I but the means my *Lord*?
E. To morrow morning ere the break of day
Muſter thy forces to the market place,
there I will meet thee with a warlike troop
Of youthful Citizens, then wee'l command
On pain of death that none preſume to ſtand
for peace, or for the payment of the tribute money;
this done, what's he that dares deny it.
Ie. My Lord, I do approve of the deſign,
But fear a potent oppoſition,
I therefore do adviſe, that we provide
Some ſpeedy aids to give aſſiſtance to
Our enterprize.
Elea. But how ſhall this be done?
Ie. Leave that to me, mean while be ſure
to keep the time appointed:
Elea. I will not fail, farewel *Iehochanan*. *Exit Eleazer.*

Je. Adew my Lord:
Why let the Mungril Curs go play,
And lordly Lions fight.
The braver beast shall win the day,
And so my Lord good night;
But I forget my self:
'Tis now about the time the lazy watch
With wary steps begin to walk the round:
And this the night that Zareth must be here,
I will withdraw my self, for what noise is that?

Enter the Watch.

1 W. Come neighbor, come; 'tis we must stand too't when all's done.

2 W. I neighbour, wee'l stand to our tacklings I warrant ye. Je. *The Watch, I'le steal aside.*

1 What was that that went by, neighbour?

2 Where, where, neighbour, where?

1. Marry there, just there something stole along,

2 Was it not a spright, God bless us?

1 No, no, no, 'twas nothing but a diffusion.

But as I was saying, neighbour; 'tis we must stand too't, because we be not book-learn'd, as they say, they count us but unlitter'd fellows, but let um say what they will, we are the very legs of the Commonwealth; for when we be drunk, the City reels fort I'me sure.

2 Mas neighbour, and ye say true.

1 I woo'l stand toot, that a Watchman hath more torrity than a Justice a Peace.

2 What wool ye neighbour, how prove ye that?

1 Marry thus I prove it:
Yer watchman (taking him in his office of preferrnity) may be drunk by torrity of his place, because he watches the City, and no body watches him, so cannot your Justice. Agen, your watchman may issue out, and reprehend any person for any fribolous offence, as murder, or the like, and for a feeling, as they call it, let him go without further excommunication, so cannot your Justices; for when the Benefactor is before him, he must nilli willi reign him according to the vigour of the Law.

2 How say by that.

1. Nay I heard my neighbour Timothy say, that if all your chief officers should dye in a night, your watchman should be a Justice a peace himself: nay I tell ye neighbours, the depth of our places is very high.

3 See, see.

1 W. Well,

1 W. Well, come let us take our ſtand here, we ſhall ſee ſome vacant fellow, rambling this way anon, I warrant you.

2 What muſt we do then neighbour?

1 Marry we muſt remit um to priſon, and then ask 'um whither they were going.

3 But what if they run away neighbour?

1 Why then we muſt knock um down, and bid 'um ſtand. Nay I warrant ye neighbour, I have all ye'r points of law Barbatim.

1 This gate neighbour (you wood 'mire to hear it)

This gate --- for I am ſure I ſpeak within my compaſs:

This gate --- Lord how the time runs away, me thinks 'twas e'ne but yeſterday.

This very Gate --- *Thunder.*

What was that, what was that neighbour?

2 'Twas a clap of thunder.

1 Mas if this weather hold, we ſhall have a ſtormy night on't.

Where did I end neighbour, can ye tell?

2 At [gate] neighbour *Oliver*:

1 Well.

Well, this very gate was directed that very night that I was made a watchman, which did pronoſticate (as I may ſay) the good ſervice that I ſhoo'd do here. --- *Thunders agen.* ---

2 Truſt me truly neighbour, if this weather hold, we ſhall have a foul night on't as you ſay.

1. 'Twas e'ne in ſuch a night as this that my neighbour *Timothy* and I ran away from the Conſtable; for I tell ye neighbour, we are not to repoſe our ſelves to the danger of ſuch ſeaſonable weather.

2 Mas neighbour I'me e'ne of your minde for that, let's go get ſome ſhelter.

1 Content, content. *Exeunt.*

Thunder, and enter Zareck *with a Rapier, and a wrenching Iron.*

Za. Lye there a while till I have uſe for thee: *Layes down the Iron, and goes ſoft to the Gate.*

A, as I could wiſh it, this ſtormy night hath driven the watch away Beyond my hopes; why it may now be done With eaſe and ſafety. *Thunder.*

Speak lowder, lowder yet thou dreadful ſky,
Whoſe flaming face ſpeaks terror to the world;
The daring Lion now dares not approach
The craggy mountain to devour his prey.

The

C

the ravening *Wolf* lies lurking in his den,
And howls to hear this strange combustion,
the fatal bird of night, whose dismal voice
Foretels some ill event, cryes now for fear:
Nor man, nor beast dares budg, yet unto me
thou art as pleasing as the rosie morn,
Whose lovely cheeks look smiling on the day,
How fit thou comest to give assistance too
My brave exploit? for now no sooner shall
the thunder speak, but I will thunder too
upon the gates: now, now the sport begins: *It thunders, and he wrenches the gate.*
the gates unbar'd, and *Edomites* let in,
He post immediately to the Synagogue,
And there relate with admiration
the strange effect of the late fearful thunder,
till I have maz'd the learned fools with wonder: *thunder agen, he opens the gates.*
Agen, agen, agen, once more, and then 'tis done
And bravely too, without suspicion.

Enter L. Skimeon *with others, with torches, Rapiers, and a Drum.*

Za. My Lord?
Sk. Thou art a trusty fellow, I will reward thy pains,
Where is thy *Lord*?
Za. Follow me, I will conduct ye to him. *About to go out.*

Enter Jehochanan, *and others, with torches and Rapiers.*

Je. Welcome, my deareſt friend, come wee'l away,
And take our stand within the market place,
Strike up the Drum, the dreadful noise will fright
the drowsie *Prelats* in the dead of night. *Exeunt.*

Enter H. Priest *and* Gorion *at several doors in hast, with Night-gowns and tapers.*

H.P. O *Gorion* we are lost,
the Rebel *Skimeon* with his ragged band
of theeves, and Cut-throats, this tempestuous night
Hath gotten entrance, *Jehochanan* I fear
will joyn his forces too, speak *Gorion*, speak,
What's to be done?
Go. Wee'l take the temple for our sanctuary,
thither the Citiz ens will boldly come.
H.P. We must be speedy then, O *Gorion*, we
want time to weep for our calamity. *Enter*

Enter Mechanicks with Weapons.

Cap. Come on my brave bilbow blades, my roaring Renegadoes, and my ragged Ruffians, which side shall we take now?

1 Marry my brave Captain of the ragged Regiment, we will take the strongest.

Cap. Mark me my valiant Mirmidons.

2 *Me.* Mark him, mark him.

C. I will instruct ye in the Rudiments of war;

1 *M.* A will instruct us rudely in the war; mark him, mark him.

Cap. When I your brave Commander bid you stand,
Be sure ye budg not, Hum, Hum, Stand:

1 *M.* Why so we do, don't we?

C. March up in equal rank.

2 *M.* We are not such fools I trow; did not a bid us stand?

1 *M.* I marry did a, we wont budg an inch I warrant him.

Cap. By the bright honour of mine Eminence
My reputation will be quite defac't.
I must indoctrinate their dull capacities
With a more ample measure of my meaning:
Advance your Bilbows thus: — *They advance.*
Now faces about. *Look over their shoulders.*

C. Now *Mars* defend me, what a rabblement
Of rude disorderd Rebels have I met withall?

1 *M.* O ho faces about; follow me, follow me.

Cap. Well done my valiant Varlets,
Now march each man with fury in his face,
And I your valiant Don
will lead you on
unto the Market place.

Enter *Zareck.*

M. O ho, here comes one, knock him down, down with him.

Ca. Hold I say, he comes perhaps to joyn in our Batalio,
Whose side art thou on fellow? speak, why dost not speak? Ha.

Za. Your patience, and Ile declare my business.

1 *Me.* Patience? we scorn patience, we must march in fury.

2 *M.* Down with him, down with him, do's a talk of patience?

Cap. Silence, I say, ye shallow-brain'd simplicians,
For we are pleas'd to hear his embassie.

1 Silence, silence, and listen to the emphasis:

Apart. Za. Vnless I speak in some unheard of stile
'Tis sure impossible to get fairly off:
Most indefatigable Commander, and cabalistical Captain of this most enormious equipage.

Cap.

Cap. The ſtile is moſt profound, and enigmatical,
Za. From the three Captains of the Regiment
I was commanded to accoaſt thy greatneſs:
Cap. Hum, hum, declare the ſum of thy concernancy.
Za. I will be moſt conciſe,
By the energetical power of this my embaſſie, I do command thee tell why thou art up in Arms.
Cap. Thou haſt concocted the crudities of my ſtomack into choller, and I am diſpleaſed at thy moſt profuſe evaporation.
Talk'ſt thou of commanding fellow, Hah?
Za. Miſtake me not, moſt mighty man at Arms.
Cap. Avant thou vapour of indignity,
Go tel thy Lord, I'le parly with himſelf.
Za. I will return thy moſt elaborate encounter. *Exit.*
Cap. Now by mine honour, I am mov'd with mighty indignation, and will approach in my fury: Come follow my boyes, follow.
M. Follow, follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ananias *and* Gorion *with weapons, and* Eleazar, Jeho. Skimeon, *with weapons at ſeveral doors.*

Ananias. Goodneſs defend me, am I awake? or do I dream of horror? *Starts back at the ſight of his ſon.*
Look up ye wretched eyes, and gaze your fill,
Glut all the greedy faculties of ſoul
With this prodigious ſight:
Rebellious boy, I do command thee kneel: *Elea. ſmiles.*
By all that's good a laughs, laughs me to ſcorn,
And ſtill perſiſts, even to my face perſiſts
with mockery.
Aſſiſt me heaven, and thou diſtreſſed earth,
Extend thy forces to the higheſt ſtrain
Of mans invention; let this fatal hour
Extort the nobleſt of thine aged powr:
Ignoble, irreligious, Paricide,
Monſter of men, rebellious runnagate;
By the Celeſtial powers ſevere commands,
By filial duty, and the ſacred tye
Of *Iewries* Law, or if by none of theſe,
By that eternal vengeance that ſhall
Fall upon thy curſed head; I do command thee kneel:
Guard me ye bleſſed ones, and look up *E.* laughs.
the great affliction of a poor old man.
Elea.

Elea. I knew the froward humor must have vent:
Now it has eas'd it self, and will not be so tutchy.
Why thou impetuous fool, canst thou expect
Obedience from a Son?
Look, look but upon thy self, and see
Of what decrepped age and misery
thou art compos'd: Behold the reeling State
Distracted, feeble, sick, and ruinate,
turn'd topsie-turvy by thy doating brain.
And canst thou dream of Soveraignty?
An. O my distressed Fate!
Ingrateful Cur, that hast been bred to prove
An open shame to all posterity.
Behold me wretch, and whilst thou look'st upon
A Sons Rebellion, and a Fathers wrong;
Curse the detested hour that did beguile
Thy erring soul with this pernicious plot.
Elea. Peace dotard, I will hear no more:
the rotten tooth infects the wholsom gum,
Is noisom, painful, loose and troublesom,
Hinders the growth of that that must succeed,
And must be drawn.

Enter Mechanicks.

Cap. Come follow, follow my boys, follow.
Go. Welcome my worthy citizens, thrice welcom all.
Cap. Gramarcy old bully.
Go. Behold----
Sk. If ye respect your lives and liberties, hear not the babler speak.
Go. Behold dear countrey-men, behold a man, *Points to the high-priest.*
Your Priest, your Prophet, and your Soveraign:
Religious, wise, and zealous for the state,
Even from his Infancy immaculate.
Cap. Be brief, be brief old boy.
Behold a Son; O heaven! why do I call
Him son? behold a villain most unnatural,
A cursed wretch, that dares devise a plot
to cheat the State, and cut the Kingdoms throat.
Cap. How's that? how's that? cheaters and cut-throats, cheaters and cut-throats, I like not that Barlady.
Me. Look to your pockets boyes, look to your pockets, they be cheaters.

Go. O can ye see those precious tears run down,
And not be mov'd with pity? *Anania weeps.*
M. Pity! hang pity, we are Souldiers, we scorn pity.
Ie. Dear friends, wise Citizens, and valiant countrey men] *Salutes them.*
M. I, I, let us alone for Wisdom and Valour.
Cap. Let the circle of thy circumference be mov'd to his proper place.
1 *M.* What dee mean? what dee mean? pray be cover'd.
2 *M* Go not too near him Captain, for all this,
the more curtsie, the more craft.
An. Ingrateful slave, dar'st thou oppose thy self 'gainst him
that gave thee life and liberty?
Go. O hear him not dear friends, a will beguile
Your honest understandings.
C. Beguile a pudding, speak on Jocky, speak on.
Ie. That you are zealous for your Countries good,
I nothing doubt; nor do I fear your love
And fair attentions.
Mark then dear Countreymen, mark I beseech you,
And with your deep discretions truly weigh
the scope of our proceedings.
Cap. Hum, hum, begin my man of mettle.
Ie. In the black tempest of a shipwrackt State,
When Prince and People stagger'd with the load
Of sad Oppression; when the peoples groans,
When Mothers tears, and Infants miseries
Were at the full; where, where was then the man
that durst oppose this strange confusion?
Was it not I, my valiant Countrey-men?
Behold *Iehochanan* dar'st boldly say,
'twas he that forc'd that bastard King from hence,
that slew the Roman Lords, that did deny
to yeild to Romes outragious cruelty:
'Tis not unknown unto the meanest here?
M. What's that? does a make mean fellows of us?
Ie. Mistake me not, I know ye worthy all,
All men of judgement, wise and valiant all.
Yet give me leave dear friends to let ye know
there are degrees of worth.
M. O ho, we mistook him, we mistook him, we are mean in worth
that's well, that's well; go on my brave Captain.
Ie. 'Tis not unknown I say, what heavy yokes
Observe the word dear friends, for 'tis emphatical.
Cap. Very good, an emphatical yoke.
Ie. What heavy yokes I say have been impos'd
Upon this injur'd Nation.
What loads of sorrows have been laid upon

Our

Our weary loins, and yet (O heavens) to see M. O Heaven!
With what ſtrange patience and humility
We have endur'd it.
Are not your Kings depos'd, your freedoms loſt,
Your Laws tranſacted, and your goods deſpoil'd,
Your Wives abus'd, your children maſſacred,
Your Rulers baniſht, and your ſelves become
A ſcorn to all poſterity?
Will ye be aſſes ſtill, and bear this heavy load?
Will ye be ſlaves for ever? Can there be
At leaſt a thought of ſuch ſtupidity?
M. How's that! how's that! a calls us ſlaves and aſſes:
Down with him, Captain, down with him.
Cap. Hold, hold I ſay, my ragged ruſticks,
For his Emphaſis will bear it.
M. His Emphaſis bear it! his Emphaſis's an aſs,
We ſcorn to bear it; down with him I ſay, down with him.
Cap. Now by the might of my omnipotence, he that dares ſtrike a blow, a ſhall feel the fury of mine indignation.
Elea. And now dear Countrey-men behold the man,
Your Prieſt, your Prophet, and your Soveraign.
An. Dar'ſt thou to boaſt in thy impiety?
Skim. If ye be free-men let me hear ye cry,
Lord *Eleazer*, Life and Liberty.
All M. A Free-man, a Free-man, a Freeman; down with old gray beard, down with gray beard.
Go. Curſe on that wicked hand that dares a blow
againſt that ſacred head; let it be ſeiz'd with death by a Divine revenge;
Or let it ever be
A withered member of impiety.
But if the wicked fury muſt have vent,
Vpon my knees I beg, let it be poured out
Vpon this head of mine.
O *Eleazer*, canſt thou look upon
the great afflictions of this good old man,
And not be drownd in tears of penitence?
Behold the torrent of his grief is ſuch,
A has not power to expreſs his miſery.
A has no eyes to weep no tongue to ſpeak,
No ſence to comfort, but a heart to break.
Elea. Theres ſomething in this old enchanters tongue that will beguile me; peace, I will hear no more.
Go. Then mayſt thou ne're be heard of heaven.
Behold, the higheſt ſtrain of miſery,
old *Gerion* begs even of his enemy.

Elea. Peace impotent fool, I say, I will hear no more.
Go. Then thou must stop thine ear, for I must speak:
Elea. Come Souldiers, let's away, hear not the babler speak.
M. No, no, no, wee'l hear no impudent old men.
Cap. March on my man of mettle, we will follow thee through thick and thin, up to the chin
In blood, my bonny buntings. *Exeunt omnes, but high Priest and* Gorion.
Go. Heaven give thee strength to bear this misery.
An. In what a labyrinth of wretchedness
Dwells this forsaken City! how the streets
Swarm with the sons of death! the sons of death!
O may that name of son for ever dye,
And yet nought but the Name, the wretched Name:
Long may the Substance live: the Substance——why?
What is the Substance? If the Name be foul,
Farewel the rest for ever. And yet methinks it were
too short a time to take so long a leave:
Stay then, what is the Substance? the Substance is my son,
Agen my son: Ile say it is my self,
My very self divided from my self:
And then methinks 'tis wondrous strange to see
(And yet 'tis wondrous true) my self to be
A butcher to my self: And then——if it be so,
Why do I blame a Son——was it not I
that gave him shape, and life, his faculties
Of will and reason? to do well or ill, are from above.
Had a been born a beast, a had been free
From such unheard-of, cursed crueltie.
Go. How strongly Nature works, ere it can part
With that it woo'de effect.
An. O *Eleazer*, if thou wert not mine,
I could be happy in my misery.
Thou art a villain, yet thou art my son,
My son, and yet a villain; there's a word
Able to make a Fathers heart-strings crack.
Go. No more good man.
An. Strange actions I have heard
have sometimes wrought strange alterations.
Were it not strange to see the Sun go back,
Or borrow light of the unconstant *Moon*?
Were it not strange to see the Cedar bend,
And do his homage to the lowly shrub?
Or to behold the stately Lion crouch,
And stand in fear of the dejected Lamb;

If none of these may yet seem strange, behold
A thing more strange; the head must serve the heel,
The Villain Son must stand, the Father kneel.
O *Gorion*! if one spark of love be left
In that ingrateful breast; or if there be
At least one dram of goodness yet remaining,
this act will penetrate his erring soul,
Startle his Conscience, and amaze the will,
Affright the judgement, and divert the plot,
the bloody plot: O! I am lost with grief,
And do I know not what---- And yet it must be done:
Come, go with me I say, for I will kneel.

Go. Heaven send thee comfort in this extasie. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carter with his whip, at one door whistling, and the Lady Miriams *man,* Peter, *at another.*

Peter. What, brother *Pennel*, what a mutter mak'st thou here.
Nay, nay, nay, I prethee leave thy whewing, and tell me
* *apart.* what thou mak'st here---* no! I'le hold a groat I'le make
ye leave anon; why sirrah, if thou didst but behold what a
pitiful pernicious face thou mak'st with whistling, thou wouldst take
up stones and throw at it.

Pen. Take heed thou dost not whistle *Peter.*

Pet. Why prethee?

Pen. I can hardly endure thy face without it.
If thou shouldst whistle, thou wert utterly undone,
I should never forbear throwing at it.

P. *O, I thought I should put ye out a tune.*

Pet. Well contorted esaith boy.

Ped. Nay I can tell ye *Peter*, for wit and understanding I am not regenerate, as they say, for my Father had as much knowledge as any man of his understanding in the town I woos.

Pet. Well, well, well, I have nothing to do with knowledge and understanding.

Pen. Then thou'rt a fool *Peter.*

Pet. I am wot'st of your making them, and indeed it may well be, for they say wen fool makes many: I think I was even w'ye there for the fool.

Pen. Excellent good esaith *Peter.*

Pet. Nay I can tell ye, I had a Father too; well, well, I know what I know; but all's one for that---um, um, um. But I prethee boy tell me, tell me what mak'st thou here? *Pen. whistles.*
By this hand if thou wilt not leave whistling,
I le throw stones.

Pen.

Pen. Why canst not thou tell what I make here?

Pet. Not I as I am a Gentleman.

Pen. Why thou hearst I make musick bully.

Pet. Musick with a pox, prethee leave making Musick, and make me an answer.

Pen. Marry then I will tell thee what I make here:
I am come to follow the wars my boy:
They say the new Captains entertain all comers,
And I am all on fire to be at it.
O----methinks I could so pepper thee now.

Pet. Oh---oh---prethee hold, or else I shall need to be salted too:
But esaith boy, art in earnest? if thou beest, shake hands, shake hands.

Pen. Why thou art not run away from thy Lady too, art?

Pet. No---but I am sent of an everlasting Errand, and will leave the answer to my Executors: I'me for push a pike boy.

Pen. Stand close, stand close, here come the Captains.

Enter Eleazer, Skimeon, *and* Zareck *with a Paper in his hand.*

Elea. The Commons are in arms against us *Skimeon*,
And resolutely take our Fathers part;
Yet he, I hear, gives no allowance too't,
But thinks with fair perswasions to prevail:
But we are arm'd with resolution.

Sk. We must be wise my Lord; those aged hairs
Are taught by long experience to intrap
our younger brains; and this may be a plot
to take us at' advantage.
Therefore my Lord, in time let me advise
that we encrease our forces speedily:
Let us make know the Proclamation.

Elea. Read the contents of it once again. *Zareck reads.*

Whosoever listeth to be rid from the bondage of his Master, or hath any injury in his Country; or what servant soever desireth to be set at liberty; or who so cannot abide the rule of his father or his mother; all that be in debate, and stand in fear of their Creditors, or fear the Iews for shedding innocent blood. If there be any man that is accused of any notorious crime, & in danger therefore: To be short, whosoever is disposed to rob, to haunt Whores, to murder, and to live freely at other mens cost, let him come to me, and I will relieve him.

Pet. O rare! I am ravished, I am ravished, the wenches, the wenches boy.

Elea. I do not like the Proclamation,
the subject sounds too harsh, and will beget
Distractions in the graver Citizens.

Skim. Death, what need we care for that,
So we be stroug for opposition.

Elea. Delays are dangerous, and we may be surpriz'd
Indeed upon the sudden: well---let it be done,
But in thy Name, for I must seem to be
Vpright and zealous for their liberty.

Enter

Enter the High Prieſt and Gorion, *the High Prieſt kneels.*

Ananias. Behold young man, thy aged Father kneels;
And kneels to thee, even unto thee his Son,
And begs with tears, with tears of bitterneſs,
the ranſom of thy ſoul, and of the State,
Both loſt for ever, ever loſt if thou perſiſt.

Elea. Patience defend me, or I ſhall be o'recom.

Sk. Take heed ye be not caught.

Elea. Caught! is't poſſible for man to view this ſight, *Apart.*
this moſt prodigious ſight, and not be caught?
O Heavens! Did I not hear him ſay a was my Father? Go. *this paſſion I hope, will*
Have I not heard him beg, and ſeen him kneel? *work ſome good*
Had a been Jewries ſlave, a could have done no more. *effect.*
Is't poſſible theſe Rivolets of blood ſhould flow *the Carter comes.*
From ſuch a Fountain. Come hither fellow. Pet. *Hee'l hang him ſure.*
Time and Maturity do ſeem to ſay
thou mayeſt have been a Father to a Son:
tell me, hadſt thou e're a ſon?

Cart. Had, I, and have too, an't like your Worſhip, or chood be zorry.

Elea. The power of Nature works as ſtrong in thee
As in thy Prince; thou lov'ſt him too, I know.

Cart. By th'maſs I zee your Worſhip's vilely cunning: I do indeed.

Elea. Couldſt thou afford upon ſome weighty cauſe,
(Suppoſe to ſave thy life) to kneel unto thy ſon?

Car. Kads nails, kneel, I ſcorn that eſaith,
Chil make the Looby kneel to me, chil warrant him.

El. Come hither; ſeeſt thou this old man? *Car.* Ay;
Canſt thou believe this man to be my Father?

C. Vather ketha, no by my troth not I.

El. Vp thou decrepped lump of vanity.
thou baſe impoſtor that wouldſt cheat the world,
With a ſuppoſed Name; thou beaſtly ſhame
Of Age and Honour, thou indignity
Vnto thy ſelf, and thy Poſterity.
Come, come, diſrobe thy ſelf, I ſay, and yeild *Whilſt he ſpeaks,*
theſe ornaments to him that ſcorns to kneel: *he diſrobes him.*
Here ſellow, put um on; put um on, I ſay, for *I* will have it ſo.
Let our Proclamation be publiſht.

Za. It ſhall my Lord.

Exit Elea. Skim. *and* Zareck *at one door, and* Anna.
& Gor. *at the other, weeping, and after them the Carter whiſtling*

Pet. 'St *Pennel*, 'ſt *Penbel.*
The heighth of his preferment will not let him anſwer me,
Well, *I* am aſtoniſhed to think what honor *I* ſhall come too.

Finis Actus primus.

Incipit Actus Quartus.

Enter Titus, Valerio, Nicanor.

Titus. NOw fellow-Souldiers, what? Methinks ye look
Not smiling on *Vespasians* Son.
Let not the miss of your old Captain strike
Your manly hearts with grief: Come, come let me
See your cheerful countenances speak
My hearty welcome; Courage noble friends,
For know, there's not a dram of worth insun'd
Within *Vespatians* noble loins, but lives
Invested here: these lusty *Roman* veins
Swell high as ere did his, with hopeful pride
Of happy victory; this loyal brest
Harbours a heart as full of Clemency
If gently sought unto; but slighted once,
the daring Lyon harbours one more mild,
More merciful then I: I tell ye Lords,
I'le not expect more duty from your hands,
then my deserving actions truly weigh'd,
Shall justly challenge: And be thus assur'd,
My aged Father thus far He out-do,
there's not a tittle of his former promises
to either here, but shall by me be crown'd
With fair performance.
To witness which, we give you joint Command
And Martial Pow'r, as next unto our self.

Val. My gracious Lord, the best of my endeavours
Shall strive to merit what your noble hand
Hath now conferr'd; my hearts best blood my Lord
Shall seal my faithful protestation.

Ni. My actions, my good Lord, shall better speak
My humble thanks, then my unskilful phrase:
Mean time your Lordships pardon for my silence.

Ti. 'Tis well: Now I must tell ye Lords,
As I have ript my heart to let you see
My lifes Compendium. I expect that you
Should shape your actions to deserve my love:
For I must tell ye Lords, 'tis not a formal shew
of gilded words that can perswade me so;

Let

Let me behold your brave attempts pursue
Imperious victory through seas of blood;
Your panting souls in midst of Massacre,
thirst after Honour, till the reaking blade
cry, 'tis enough.
Have ye not seen when in a bloody fray
My Noble Father hath been left alone,
Alone, begirt with ranks of Enemies,
Whose strong Batalio's kept all rescue from him:
How then, even then when horror infinite
Stood gazing on him with a grim aspect,
How then (I say) his daring countenance
Stood in defiance of them all at once:
How the more danger, still the more he durst,
Like a strange Mastiff fiercely set upon
by mungril Curs in number ten to one;
With angry teeth, and courage bravely bold,
A snarles, and snaps; now this, now that doth bite,
And stoutly still maintains the unequall fight
with equal fury, till the bawling curres
be quite disperst: So he,
but with such Kingly awful Majesty,
as if in midst of this confusion
A found but sport of recreation:
Such and so daring must you be my Lords,
to gain my love, and win your country honor.

Ni. My Lord, our lives & Fortunes weigh'd with either,
We prize at nothing; nor can we desire
more felicity then to enjoy
the least of either.

Va. My honored Lord, your most exact command
will teach us Valour had we ne're been train'd
in Martial Discipline.

Ti. I like your answers wel, saving that yours *Valeria*,
favours too much of flattery — and yet
upon life thou art not that way guilty.
And trust me souldiers I am confident
Your words and actions will in all points sympathize:
But we trifle time, and must redeem it
by a strict surveigh of our proceedings.

Enter Joseph *from* Rome.

Jo. From great *Vespatian* my most honor'd Lord,
I come to do thee humble service.

Ti. Now by my life thou'rt welcome, welcome worthy friend;
Our Royal Father ne'er could send a man
More deer in our affection:
Thou com'st as we could wish thee, *Tullyus*;
to morrow we intend to parley with *Ierusalem*;
thy friendly presence may perchance perswade
thy Countreymen to yeild subjection:
If they refuse, by the Majestick power
Of mighty *Cesar's* sacred Diadem,
I'le scourge their pride with such severity,
shall make the Rebels curse their misery.
Come my endeared friend. *Exeunt.*
Takes Iu. by the hand.

Enter Zareck.

The three seditious Captains are at odds,
Each hunts the other's life; yet all do bear
A fair pretence of friendship to each other;
Each seeks for soveraignty: which, *Simon*, I
With protestations of integrity
And zealous love, do fairly close with all;
For being friends to all in time of league,
'twill be a riddle to the wisest pate,
Whose love I prized most; then I proved
With what obsequious care and telling paine,
My wits are wearied to design a plot
Whose wary circumstances may difery
All shew of falshood in the enterprize,
to trip the heels of either enemy;
then shew the time, the place, the manner how
to do't: O I am ticklish with the fine conceit.
My Father in a fair and good estate,
Was by these Rebels rob'd and spoil'd of all,
And I his son left naked to the world,
poor and dejected, till my working brain
Projected this employment to relieve me;
Since when, I have been busied for revenge:
O how methinks that very word Revenge,
Allaies the fury of my discontent!
But soft; 'tis much about the time they should be here:
I will withdraw my self. *Zareck stands behind the hangings.*

Enter Eleazer.

I must be wise, and cloath my pleasing straine,
With fair pretence of peace and amity.

The

The blustring wind commands with angry brow,
The toiling traveller to leave his Cloak;
the storm encreases, but the pelting man
still gripes it faster, till the pleasing Sun
By gentle rayes intreats him lay it down.

Enter L. Jehochanan *and L.* Skimeon.

Ieho. Good morrow to the Lord *Eleazer.* *A table set, and Zareth stands behind the Arras.*
Elea. Welcome *Iehochanan*, welcome noble friends,
Come, sit we down, and each man freely speak
His cause of grievance: Ah my worthy friends,
Dissention is amongst us: Vpon my life I dare
presume there is some strange mistake,
For else it cannot be that we should differ.
Ie. Some strange mistake? Indeed my Lord 'twas strange
Your Lordship should mistake your self so much,
And us your friends (your friends! nay more my Lord, then friends,
For friends are formal now:) the strength of your designs;
To send to us a publike messenger
to summon us upon command to be
Attendants on your Lordships pleasure!
My Lord, this was not fair nor friendly.
E. Not fair my Lords, nor friendly! which of you
that stood in equal terms of honor with my self,
Woo'd lose one tittle of that Dignity
that fairly rank't his state and quality?
Was it for me to say, I woo'd intreat?
Was not the Message publike?
Had it been private, you should then have seen
My fair respect, and friendly love to either.
But, as it was my Lord——
L. Skim. Nay, then I must have leave to tell ye Sir,
Your Honour swells too high, and must be qualifi'd
In equal terms of Honor with your self:
My Lord, I dare affirm that *Simeon* stands
In equal terms of honour with your self.
Elea. How's that?
Sim. Nay good my Lord, your Father's yet alive,
And you are then a private man as we.
Elea. This——is in jest, to see how I can poize
A Friends affection, or perchance——to try
the bent of mine.
Sim Your Honour may do well to pass it so,

Or else, perchance your Lordship may be angry
And then---how much your health may be impair'd
With such distemper, may perhaps---
Elea. No more.
I was not wont to be ridiculous:
Nor did I come to hear such airy talk.
If this be earnest, let me hear who dare
pronounc't agen.
Ie. Who dare! that brave reflects on me,
that dare stand up to spurn at thee, and thee.
Elea. Is't possible!
S. Iehochanan, thou dost me open wrong
to intercept me:
The cause was mine; to me it did belong
to give an answer. Wer't thou not who thou art,
I should not take this well.
Ie. *Simeon*, I am as deep engag'd as thou,
And will have leave to prize mine Honor highest.
S. And will have leave!
Ie. I say, and will have leave, and say't agen.
Za. Apart, it works.
S. Death, thou dar'st not say't agen.
Ie. Dare not!
Elea. I do command ye cease:
For shame give o're this rash behaviour:
Is this a time to broach a Faction,
When *Cesars* son has conquer'd *Galilee*,
And now is marching to *Jerusalem*?
Ie. Command thy slaves, proud man, for I am free,
And will command my self.
E. Villain.
Ie. Thou lyest.
E. O my inraged soul, must I endure all this?
S. All this and more, thou must endure me too.
E. Must *Simeon*?
S. I must I say, and shall:
Couldst thou dart lightnings from thy countenance,
Thus woo'd I meet thee, and out-face thee thus.
E. O I am lost in rage, and can endure no longer. *They draw, and a trumpet sounds from within.*

Enter an Herauld.

Her. From *Cesar's* son, brave Lords, I come to say
He offers parley to Jerusalem:
The time prefixt is the next morning sun.

Elea.

Elea. Go tell thy Master we accept it.

H. I shall return your answer. *Exit.*

El. This is no time to fight, nor will I now
Stand to defend mine honor: But stay,
before we sheath our weapons let us swear
Howe're our private quarrel may proceed,
That we will still maintain each other's part
Against *Vespatian's* son.

Both: *We* are content.

E. Your hands. *Lay hands on the Sword.*
By a true souldiers Honour we do swear,
Fairly to friend each other in the field,
And jointly to oppose *Vespatian.*

Both: We swear to do't.

E. The same swear I,
I shall expect you both to morrow early.

Both: We will not miss the hour. *Exeunt at several ways.*

Za. The Furies are broke loose, if either fall,
Zareck may rise to be a General. *Exit.*

Enter Peter *with a Sword and Buckler, leading* Gorion *manicled with an halter about his neck, apparel'd in a Canvase suit.*

Pet. Come, come sir, come away, sir, come away.

G. Nay, prethee friend be not so rigorous,
Give me a little time to breathe a while.

Pet Breathe a while! I, I, I'le breathe ye, I warrant ye.
Come, come follow me, follow me, I say,
Ye shall want for no breathing.

Go. Inhumane wretch, I cannot follow thee:
Thou hast already wearied out my limbs
With thy ingrateful usage.

P. Nay, nay, may sir, all's one for that,
Limbs, or not limbs; I say, Follow me. *Drag him along, & exeunt.*

Beat Drum within, and enter Titus, Joseph, Valerio *and* Nicanor *at one door, and the three Captains at the other, and after them* Peter, *leading old* Gorion *in the Halter.*

P. Come forward I say, a comes like a Bear to the stake.

Titus. What means this spectacle of misery?

Io. O *Titus*, 'tis my Father.
Wert thou enthral'd in more captivity,
Thus low would *Joseph* bow to do thee honor. [*Io. kneels, & Go. weeps.*

Inc-

I never felt my self so far surpriz'd
With sudden passion; Nature is or'e-charg'd,
And fain woo'd have some vent. I fear
I shall forget my self: Fye *Ioseph*, fie, *apart.*
Art thou a souldier? So---now the stream is turn'd.
Ti. Now my brave Lords of Jewry, which of you
stands chief Commander in this bold Rebellion?
Elea. Rebellion, *Titus*!
S. Speak that word agen,
And *Simeon* dares reply that *Titus* lyes.
Ti. Should *Titus* speak't agen, 'twere still the same,
Nor is it less spoke once.
Io. Then know bold Roman, Jewries sons are free,
And scorn to bend to *Cesar*, or to thee.
Ti. The sturdy stick that will not bend, must break.
E. But not with *Titus* Arm, nor *Cesars* too.
Io. All dearest countreymen, I come not here
to list mine arm against Jerusalem,
But to lament it, Lords; for well I know,
the heavens have fore-decreed your overthrow:
The great *Caldeans Golden Head* is laid,
the mighty *Persians silver Arms* are lopt;
the *Greciant thighs of brass* are broken down;
What's then remaining but thdie *Iron Legs*
On which the sturdy Roman Empire stands,
And stamps the World to Powder: Ah my Lords
Will ye contend with Fate?
Ishoc. Peace thou base coward, that to save thy life
Hast lost thine honor.
Thou com'st with fawning zeal to beg for mercy.
Ioseph. To beg for mercy! then mercy me're prove mine:
Forgive me Heaven, that I am forc'd to draw
My sword against my self, my Native countreymen. *Draws.*
Tit. Now by my life they come to brave me here.
Rebels, those lordly hearts of yours shall bleed;
By all the Gods they shall---
Deliver up that aged prisoner,
Or by the Roman Powers ye shall repent it.
Selim. Not for the Roman Crown.
Elea. Lead him away to torture.
Come, come, come away sir, I'le tickle him with tortures.
Io. O my distressed Fate!
Ti. Villains, there's not a torture you inflict

Upon

Vpon those aged limbs, but I'le return
With millions on your own. *Sound Drums, and exeunt omnes.*

Beat Drums, and they fight within; then enter Joseph *and fights with* Eleazer, *and exeunt. Enter* Va'erio *and fights with* Jehoc. *and exeunt. Enter* Nicanor, *fights with* Simeon, *and exeunt: The three seditious are repulst: then enter* Titus, *and meets with* Eleazer, *they fight: then enter* Jehoc. *and* Simeon *at several Doors: Titus fights with the three: Eleazer cryes, kill him:* Jehochanan, *take him alive: Simeon cryes the second time, kill him:* Jehochanan, *take him alive. Eleazer the third time kill him:* Jehochanan, *take him alive. Titus makes way through them wounded, and escapes.*

E. Death and the Devil, why did ye let him scape?
S. O we are finely cheated of the booty,
And shall be laught to scorn: Death, I could tear my flesh.
Je. Stand ye to beat the air with idle words?
Let's follow close, and find him out agen.
Disperse your selves, and follow. *Exeunt at several ways.*

Enter Peter.

Call ye this Honour? a pox of honor,
Give me honesty, down-right honesty:
Souns, break ones head, and give him no warning!
I woo'd not have Honor come so fast upon me neither. *Looks who*
Im'e pepperd with a vengeance: Farewel Honor, *comes.*
Ile to my Lady agen. *Exit.*

Enter Titus wounded: Iosephus, Valerio, Nicanor, follow.

Io. How fares my Lord?
Ti. Well my *Iosephus*, trust me, passing well:
'tis *Titus* glory to be bath'd in blood:
Now by mine Honor *Ioseph*, I am glad
to see such valour in thy Country-men:
The charge was hot, and bravely seconded.
Didst thou not see where I was forc'd to fight,
to man the Front, that then began recoile.
Io. My Lord I did.
Tit. There my brave Lords, mine Honor lay at stake,
there was I round begirt with Enemies,
and must be ransomed by mine own desert:
O my *Valerio*! then I call'd to mind

the

the great *Vespasian*: then *Tiberius*;
then mighty *Julius*: and then-----
Arm'd with disdain and envy, I assail'd
the stout *Jehochanan*, then *Shimeon*,
then Lordly *Eleazer*, then all; and then
Stood all their bold repulses back agen.
There I receiv'd these wounds; and then, at last
Rapt into rage with fury and revenge,
Sweating, and bleeding, in despight of all
this arm maintain'd me still a Generał.
But now no more of this:
A more convenient time shal fitter serve
For this discourse. Come worthy Souldier:
My wounds are stiff, I must retire my self.
Exeunt om.

Enter L. Eleazer with his Rapier drawn.

The glorious prey is lost: *Puts up his Rapier.*
Now Eleazer, to thy other business.
I do remember wel, a sed, my father was alive:
And then--as if my fathers life were my disgrace,
A slighted me with scorn-----It must be so,
My father must not live: I am resolv'd. *Exit.*

Enter Jehochanan, his Rapier drawn.

A pair of pretious Villains! By this light *Puts up his Rapier.*
I laugh to think how finely they are cheated.
The Lordly *Eleazer* woo'd be King;
And so woo'd *Shimeon* too. Both aim at me:
But I wil live in spight of policy. *Exit.*

Enter Simeon wounded.

The game is ended, and the Deer escap't;
the night draws on apace, and I am hurt. *Exit.*

Enter Eleazer and Zareck.

Elea. The time's within this hour: make haste, I say,
And fit thy self with instruments of death,
Smal pocket-daggers. But be sure thou hast
A special care that no o're-reaching eye
Detect the plot.
Then with a cloak of seeming sanctity,
Deject behaviour, visage meanly sad,
Eies full of tears; but heart replete with blood:
Low bending to my aged father; Say----
What thy more wary wits shall think upon:
But on thy life take heed thou fail not.
Zar. Not for the world. *Exit Zar.*
Elea. The time draws on apace they should be here.

I must

I must disarm my self and wait their coming. *disarms.*
Theres something troubles me, all is not well within.
I would not see him fall: and yet I must.
O *Eleazer*----- but I forget my self: *Exit.*

A noise of still musick; and Enter the high Priest with attendants, Guards, and Quiresters: they sing. An Alter and Tapers set.

See those buildings where once thy glorie liv'd in,
with heavenly essence:
See how it droopeth, and how nakedly it looketh
Without thy presence:
Hark how thy captive people mourn
With heavy moaning,
and grevious groaning,
For thy being absent,
And for the heathens scorn:
Because thy people are by thee forlorn.

See those tapers, which once enflam'd those vapours
Of our sweet Peace.
See those places, where we once injoy'd those graces,
Which now do cease.
O See the Altar whereas we
Enjoy'd those blisses,
With heavenly kisses
From thy free love,
And from thy Clemency:
Whilst we did sing to thee melodiously:

Exeunt Quir.

H. P. leave us to our Devotion.

Enter *Za.* he bowes to the high *Priest*, and declares by signs his sons submission: he lifts up his hands in token of Thankfulnes, and weeps.

H. P. Thou comst with happie news: go call him in. *Calls him*

Enter Eleazer, and kneels.

E. Ah my much wronged Father!

An. This is beyond my hopes: stand up young man:
Heaven give thee pardon for thy great offence.
Where are thy confederates?

E. I would not be o're heard.

A. Dismiss the guard there, we would be private.

E. My Lord, *I* have a secret to disclose, *Za. looks if*
Of such importance, that I fear---- *none be coming in.*

A. *I* will not be disturb'd, what ere it be.
For heavens love let me ha'te.

Za. Thou hast thine own desire. *Stabs him.*

A. O *Eleazer.*

Za. 'Tis done.

E. 'Tis bravely done: I will reward the *Zareck.*

Z. Tush, I am happie in the fine exploit.

E. Now for the crafty close, *puts the dagger*
Conveigh this instrument into his hand. *into his hand.*

Be brief, be brief, then it may be suppos'd
A did this bloody act upon himself. *Exeunt*
Enter his Atten. and Guard.
Atten. My Lord----ha!-- Murder'd;
Curse on that wretched hand that did it:
But see.---- O see! a gripes the dagger fast
That gave the wound ---- I am amaz'd
And know not what to think.
Come let us bear him hence. *Exeunt*

CHORUS.

Horror, confusion, hunger, plague and Death
Have seiz'd our Sacred streets; my fainting breath
Fails me to give the sad relation
Of sad *Judea's* desolation.
Suppose the famine now to grow extream,
Within the City walls; The hungry dream
Of food, but tast it not, a Cab is sold
Of noisom dung for thrice the weight in Gold?
A bloody Sword hangs blazing in the Sky?
A Strange and uncouth voice was heard to cry,
Come, let's away from hence? the Iron gate
Ope's of it self to let in Jewries fate:
To tell ye more my aking heart would break,
The sad Catastrophe let action speak.
Enter L. Jehachanan.
The famine is extream;
And will beguile us of our lives and honors. *Enter Chorus*
Musick, and the Lady Miriam Sings
In her Chamber.
Hark---- hark --give ear a while and listen. when the Musick
The Song *Weep, O weep, mine eyes, a flood of tears:* has plaid a while
Break, O break, my heart, with endless fears: she Sings
Fly hence, fly hence, my soul, from such sad griefs
Fly hence to heaven, and beg for some reliefs
Then weeping sing, and singing weep to see
Such pretious comfort in thy misery.
Ie. This is the Lady *Miriam*,
Shee's rich, shee's rich, exceeding rich
And may perhaps have some provision left,
I'le in and rifle her. *She drawes her window Curtain*
La. Ay me, the Lord *Jehovanan*: *Knocks*
I fear some violence.
Per. Who knocks there?
La. keep fast the door. *Knocks again.*

Ie.

Ie. Ope the door Sirrah, or Ile break it ope.
Pet. Marry Sir and Ile break your pate then. *Breaks ope the door, and goes in.*
Enter Peter with head broke.
Wars, or not wars, all's one for that,
For honor will find me out, I see;
I am not so good as my word, hee's better than his,
For he has broke the door, and my pate too.
But I'le in and save my Lady from ravishing,
What ere comes on't: *Exit*
If *I* take him at it, I'le so pepper him.
Enter Iehochanan *with a wallet, dragging The Lady by the hair, and her little Son following weeping.*
Boy. Now good my Lord even on my knees I beg:
Vse not my mother so unkindly.
Ie. Peace brawling brat;
Confess, confess I say, I know this is not all,
Thou hast conceal'd thy best provision
La. If there be truth in heaven I have no more,
Ah gentle Sir, for pitie take not all;
Leave me one loaf to keep my little one.
Ie. Not a bit, bold begger. *Exit*
Boy Good mother weep no more. *Exit Lady weeping.*
Enter Peter.
My Lady has sent me to get wormes?
But the wormes are more liker for to get me
Marry I think if they had me and could speak,
They'd curse the Cook that sent u'm such a break-fast;
For I am so impenitrable for want of moisture,
They had better Seize upon a starv'd Vserer by farr
Enter Zaruck.
I have observ'd of late a seeming show
Of some distempers in Lord *Eleazer*:
His lookes are wild and stareing: something sure
Does strangely trouble him.
Pe. That's the Captains man that broke my pate.
And rob'd my Lady: now is he studying
Whose throat he shall cut next; I'de best be gone.
I'me pestilence affraid of him.
Za. Perchance the murder of his Father troubles him.
P. A talkes of murder already.
Za. If it be so, I hope 'twill make him mad, *Trembles.*
And I shall be reveng'd ----- What followes that?
P. A has spi'd mee, I must stand too't now.

Za. What art thou?

Pet. What am I; Why I am hungry, very hungry:
So hungry, that I could eat my flesh,
If I had any flesh to eat.

Za. You are very pleasant, Sir.
Does the musick of the times cause your wits to daunce.

P. Ye say right, Sir. If any part of me daunce, it is my brains, for they are alwayes in action: my legs are far enough from't I me sure.

Za. Whither art thou going?

P. No whither, ye see, I stand still:
I think your wits are daunc't out of your head.

Za. Whither wert thou going?

P. The man's mad sure: why hither, was I not?

Za. Excellent, I faith: whither wilt thou go?

P. Marry they were wise could tell that;
I will go whither my legs will carry me:
Marry how far that is I cannot tell;
For I am altogether for the *Carriers* pace,
I can neither amble, nor trot now.

Za. How accurately the knave answers;
'Tis hunger sure has made his wits so nimble.

P. Ye're in the right Sir.
For a spare diet, saies your *Philosopher*,
Makes a man fit for study,
But sure a meant to get more vittails.

Za. Better and better------fellow, what's thy business?

P. What a question's that now?
Why look on my *Phisnomy*, and read it there.

Za. I'st written in thy fore-head, knave?

P. No, but 'tis written a both sides my face.

Z. Extremity of hunger sure has made him mad:

P. No, no, no Sir; No such matter:
Why hark ye Sir, hark ye; don't you know me?

Za. Not I, by this Light.

P. I cannot much blame ye, for I hardly know my self;
But if I had ne're known your Lord, ye might a knowen me better.

Za. Sure that fellow was born with Riddles in's mouth.

P. Fare ye well Sir, fare ye well:
My Lady said I should get something, though I staid all night:
But I'me more liker to stay till dooms-day, for I think I shan't live
Till morning; fare ye well Sir. *Exit Pet.*

Za. This is sure the Lady *Miriams* man,
Whom Lord *Iehochanan* hath lately rifled:
Here Comes the Lord *Eleazer*, I will withdraw. *steps aside.*

Elea-

Enter Eleazer.

Ele. Cozen'd and cheated, guil'd and fool'd I am:
O man, man, man moſt miſerable!
How truly vain,
How abſolutely baſe,
Are thy loſt actions? yet how infinite
The ſeas of ſorrow that thou wadeſt through,
To make thee miſerable.
Ere thy polluted face was yet produc't,
To face of heaven, the wofull womb foretold
With griping throws thy native wretchedneſs:
And when thou wert brought forth, what worlds of care
And greif, and pains the tender mother takes
To bring thee up! what tedious daies and nights
Are thrown away upon thine infant age:
Then ---- when thy fruitfull branches bear the buds
Of hopefull youth, when underſtanding blooms
The beautious bloſſoms of a riper wit:
What daies, and nights, and hours, and minutes ſpent
On tedious papers, whoſe enigma's dull
The ſlender judgement of the youthfull brain.
Till when ---- Maturity proclaims thee man
Then, loomes this goodly veſſel on the main
Of mutabilitie, with all the ſails
Of honour ſwelling high. But ſee---- O ſee----
A fable cloud of ſin with angry brow,
Threatens diſtruction, now the Venoms burſt:
Down with the main-ſails ere the guſt aproach,
Alas, 'tis now too late, all's over whelm'd,
Turn'd upſide down, the pretious lading loſt,
The ſhipwrack't ſoul, for ever, ever loſt
In lake of death, Eternall death: Woe'd I
Had been deſtroyd within the houſe of ſin,
The curſed wombe, or been abortive born,
Ne're to have ſeen that hatefull light that ſees
My wretched fall.
Curſt be the fantacy that ſhap't the thought
Of my conception, ten times curſt the act?
The luſtfull act! ten thouſand times the hour
Of my nativity: may that ever be
An hour of horrour, plague, and miſery. *Za. it works*
Enter the Lady Miriam *it works*

Lady. For charity, good courteous Sir, take pitie on a poor diſtreſſed Lady: Even for the love ye bear unto the womb that bred ye. *She kneels.*

Ele.

Elea. The Love I bear? the love I bear is hate.
Hate most unatterable. so inveterate,
That I could curse my primogenitors,
S'fut I could curse my father *Adam* too.
La. Alas Sir I am rob'd and spoild of all.
Ah gentle Sir, afford me some relief,
And I will beg a blessing for your sweet benevolence.
Elea. Blessing for me? there's not a scruple left
Mongst the great waight of heavenly charity,
Vex me no more. *Exit La. Weeping.*
Eleaz. The Silent tamer of diurnall cares
That charms our weary limbs with sweet repose,
Yields not relief to me? my wearied soul
Lives in perpetual torment; for if I
Chance to get a minutes rest, my frighted Ghost
Sees ghastly Shapes? more horrible then death?
Even now mine eyes grow dull for want of sleep:
Lie there distressed carcass, and forget
Thy self to be in misery. *he Sleeps.*

Enter Persiphone *with the three furies, they Circle him above, and* Persiphone *Singes.*

FRom the infernal Kingdom wee
Come to read thy destinie:
Know thy hands imbru'd in blood
Must be bath'd in Stigian flood:
Mortall thou art damn'd for this
Down, down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down, down,
Down, to the deep Abyss.
Endless shall thy torment be;
Horrour, plague and miserie
Shall afflict thy sooty soul,
Whilst the tortur'd spirits howl,
Banisht from eternall bliss
Down, down, &c.
Freezing cold and scorching fires
Shal reward thy foul desires.
Loss of heaven shall vex thee too
More then fire and frost can do:
Whilst the furious Snakes shall hiss
Down, down, &c.
Not a thousand ages shall
Expiate thy bitter thrall?
Not a flood of tears asswage
Ought of thy enflamed rage
This thy doome for deeds amiss
Down, down, &c.
Musick to thy meat shall be,
Damned fiends shal laugh at thee;
Laugh to scorn thy griping pain,
Laugh to hear thee curse in vain,
Curse thine endless miseries.
Down, down &c.
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. *Laugh all and Exeunt.*

Zareck. Ha, ha, ha, heres sport alone for mee,
The murder of his father troubles him
With ghastly apparitions: horrour and despair
Pursue thy guilty soul, til I may see
My full revenge in thy calamity. *Exit*

Agen

Agen, agen, agen, without I saw — *Eleazer rises.*
The Furies here; the sudden apparition
Has so appal'd my guilty soul, that I
Am lost in terror; all my Vitals shrink
With ghastly fear, my intermissive pulse
Speaks the disorder of my panting heart:
No comfort for a poor distressed man!
Down, down rebellious knees; so stubborn still!
I bear a burden of such massie weight,
Woo'd crack the mighty Axletree of Heaven,
Yet cannot force these sturdy limbs to bend:
My Ovens mouth is damm'd with dirty sin,
No vent for sorrow; not a peeping-hole
To steal a dram of comfort for my soul.
O---*Eleazer* thou art lost for ever. *Exit.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Enter VALERIO.

WHat a Devil ails the General!
I have observ'd in him of late a strange and uncouth
Carriage to his near attendants:
His looks distracted, and his words compos'd
With strange disturbance---Sure all is not well:
But I'le observe---

Enter Titus, *crosses the stage, and exit with an angry look upon* Valerio.

Val. Death, what should this mean?

Enter Nicanor.

Ni. Valerio? Well met; saw'st thou the General lately?
Val. Yes, I have seen him lately,
Heaven blest me from the sight of him agen.
Ni. Why man, what's the matter?
Val. Whats the matter!
Why a has star'd me into such a strange distemper,
I shall not be my self this hour agen.
A looks---like *Vulcan*, when his fiery face
Looks red (with rage) upon the Rival God:
A walks---by sembreefs, with such stately gait,
As if a scorn'd to tread on *Cæsars* Earth.
A speaks---by riddles, and such strange enigmae's,

That

that sure 'two'd pose old *Oedipus* to answer.
Hast not thou seen him in this mushy mood?
Ni. Yes, yes, yes, I have seen him, and felt him too,
Pox on's fingers for't.
He askt me last night what store was in the Magazine:
I told him---about a Months provision.
*A*steps him back---and stares---and stamps---and says---
*W*hat?---Is't possible?---No more?
Why dost not speak?---No more, I say?
*A*rt sure there is no more? Death, woo'st not speak?
and then his truncheon walks; s'fut had I not warded wel
I had been mall'd, I knew not what to say:
*A*nd then a call'd me fot, and went his way.
Va. Now by this hand I am lighter by a *Roman* dram,
to hear thee in for a share too:
Why now I could sing, or daunce,
Or rime, or jest, or do any thing.
Stand, stand thou here, and I will act the General.
*A*nd do thou speak to me as if he were in presence.
Ni. Content.
Val. Nicanor!
Ni. My Lord.
Val. Come hither:
*W*hat store of prisoners were taken in the skirmish?
Ni. My Lord---
Ni. My Lord! what nothing but my Lord!
Souns, must I dance attendance on your answer. *Strikes him.*
Now sir---what my Lord?---
Ni. Souns, what d'ye strike me?
Va. Fye, fye, vilely spoken, very vilely spoken,
Ask his Lordship why a strikes?
Why this savours of too much arrogance,
and woo'd incense him beyond measure:
Ye should rather have said, My Lord,
I am sorry I have trespast on your patience,
Or I crave your Lordships pardon for my dulness,
Or the like.
Ni. Pox a patience, and your Lordship too,
Why did ye strike me so hard?
Val. Out upon't, worse and worse by this light,
limit his Lordship how hard to strike!
*W*hy this were to tell his Lordship what to do,
How to command, and where to punish:
this woo'd not be endur'd.

Ni.

Ni. I prethee leave thy jesting,
Or by this light I shall fall out in earnest,
and let your Lordship know I am displeased.
Val. Well I have done; but prethee canst thou tell
the cause of this distemper?
For in himself (what e're hath alter'd him)
He is a Captain of as mild a nature,
As brave Command, and of as sweet converse,
as *Rome* hath ever bred.
Ni. Faith I am ignorant, nor can I judge the cause.
But----
Val. Peace, the General.

Enter Titus.

Ti. Valerio!
Val. My Lord?
Ti. Come hither; nearer---yet nearer--nearer yet I say.
Souns, must I trumpet my Oration?
Or dost thou think my throat's an Organ-pipe?
There has been lately a great out-rage done
within the Camp; know you ought of it?
Val. Not I my Lord.
Ti. Take heed I trap thee not, upon thy life take heed:
By Heaven if I do---
I say agen, there has been lately acted
A most inhumane murder---on the Jews---
the Captive Jews that fled to us for mercy;
Know'st thou ought yet?
Val. My Lord, I know not ought, nor ought have ever heard
of this inhumane act.
Ti. Nor you? why dost not speak? speak I say.
Death, if I ask agen---
Ni. My Lord, Nor I.
Ti. Nor I!---what nor I?
Death, are ye so sparing of your speech sir?
Take heed I do not frame an answer for thee;
By Heaven if I do, 'twill cost thee dear the penning.
Ni. My gracious Lord---
Ti. Comma.
Ni. I am---
Ti. Comma.
Ni. Altogether---
Ti. Colon.
Ni. Ignorant---
Ti. Period. Troth I believe thee.

Ni. Of this proceeding:
Ti. What's all this put together now?
Ni. My Lord!
Ti. My contumelious Coxcomb,
Why was not this mishapen answer given
without distraction? If thy soul be clear,
Why did thy guilty looks proclaim thee evil?
Why didst thou vail the face of honesty,
and innocence, within the mask of fear?
Thou wert begotten sure in some distraction,
When Nature was disturb'd to get a man:
Go---get thee hence, and get more Faith---but yet
look to't, look to't I say, for if I find thee guilty,
thy life shall pay the ransome of thy sin:
Go---get thee hence---stay, read that, *going away.*
and read it out. *He reads.*

A Catalogue of the Massacre of the Captive Jews,
who fled to us for mercy

Vnder *Valerio*'s Squadron, four hundred.
Vnder *Nicanor*'s, five hundred.
Murdred out of the camp and ript for their Jewels
VVhich they had swallowed for fear of rifling eleven hundred;
The whole number amounting to two thousand.
Ni. This is strange my Lord. *Gives him the Paper.*
Ti. Yes, 'tis wondrous strange that we
Whose Princely-Valour, Power and Clemency
the world admires, should be so foul abus'd,
Abus'd by you, by you I say abus'd,
And say't agen: Death---if, t were not so,
who durst attempt? attempt! durst think to do
An act so foul, so most inhumane?
Have we not given the sole command to you?
and you to do what you think fit?
And must we have our Honor now traduc't,
Trampled, and trod upon, through your neglect?
Must we, when we have past our princely word
For fair protection, have our Subjects snatcht
By such discorder from our Princely bosom?
By heaven this is not well; I say it is not,
Look too't: look too't, I say, I hear no more of this,
For by a Romans honour if I do--go to I say, look too't:
Va. Now by my life but this is wondrous strange, *Exit*
Two thousand Jews destroi'd and we not know't:
Ni. Tis so; nor can I blame the General

To be distemperd. But now the storm is over,
Let us by strict inquiry search the truth:
Perchance he may be mis-inform'd, and we abus'd:
Va. Content, let us about it. *Exeunt*

Enter the Lady Miriam *with a knife in her hand.*

How tedious are our daies of miseries,
And yet how breefe the means to cut them off?
What multitudes of Wretched dayes and nights,
In whose each minute the affrighted soul
Lives on the wrack of grief and discontent,
W[illegible]'d this smal instrument of death dispatch:
And why do I then; VVretched I, protract
My dayes of misery?
I'st not enough that I have liv'd to see
My parents slain by native crueltie?
My countrey Sackt? and my religion Scorn'd,
My self forsaken, and my stripling live
To ask me food, and I not food to give?
Can I have brains to know, and wil to do,
Reason to judge, and hands to help me too,
And still procrastinate my daies of woe:
Doo't *Miriam*, doo't I say, it must be so: *Goes to stab her self*
VVhat ist that barrocadoes back mine arm
Nor will, nor brain, nor heart, nor hand are mine;
All stand subjected to a power divine.
Tush------ I am deceived;
Henceforward I nor God, nor good wil know:
Religion is a thing fantastical,
And heaven and hell are meer Poeticall:
Hence coward fear, tis thou thas dost command
Mine arm to slack. thou makst my shaking hand
Let fall the fatal instrument of death:
I will no more be subject to thy Law.
But in a minute------ *Goes to stab her self agen*
Alas how cruell mercifull am I,
To free my self from sad calamity,
And leave my pretty child to suffer more,
Ile kill him first---- and that once bravely done,
Ile kill the mother that has kild her son: *Enter boy*
How swift occasion tempt us to do evil?
See where the stripling comes,
How pretily a looks upon me: and must I doo't?
Was ever mother so unnatural? *Shee weeps*
And yet I must.

My pretty boy: art thou not very sick for want of meat?
Boy. Yes, very sick indeed, and feeble too;
So feeble, I have much adoe to go.
La. Had'st thou not rather die, then live
In this extremity?
Boy. Alas good mother, I am loath to die,
I wood fain live to see you get some food.
La. would'st therefore live, my boy, *Why* thou shalt be my food:
When I have kill'd thee, I will feed on thee.
Boy: Good God forbid such Crueltie.
I hope you do not mean to kill me mother
La. Yes, my sweet Lamb, look; heres the knife prepar'd.
Boy. Nay then I see I shall be kill'd indeed:
Alass what have I done, what deed so foul
To make you so unkinde? *Weeps.*
Indeed I did not think you could have been so cruell.
La. How prettily a talks.
Boy. have I forgotten ought of those respects
That duty binds me too. Or through forgetfulness
Not done that service which you did command;
Is this the cause? O hold, pray hold your hand: *Kneels.*
My duty shall observe ye ten times more
Then ever my obedience did before. *Weeps agen.*
La. How hard a pleads for life; the Gentle *Phrase*
Begins to mollifie my cruell breast.
In what a sad dilemma stands my choise:
Affection bids me spare; affliction strike:
Nor can *I* well approve? nor yet dislike---
Of either-------- Something must be done:
Forgive me heaven, for I must kill my Son.
Boy. O-------I am Kill'd indeed, farewell. *She stabs him.*
La. That well sounds ill:---tis done---it may be no,
For still a stirs, and stirs---but now tis done indeed:
Come take him up:--- and Quarter him--- and then
Invite the cruell Captain to a feast,
That they may see a mother eat her Son, *She takes him up, and Exit.*
And kill her self before the feast be done:
Come take him up I say.

Enter Eleazer *with his sleeves strip't up to the Elbowes, with two Attendants following.*

I have washt, and washt, and washt, and cannot wash this blood away.
Att. What blood my Lord?
Elea. The blood of batts put out thine eyes:
Doo'st thou not see how red, and fresh it lookes?

'Tis very hot too: reaking hot; so hot
It Scaldes the cunduit pipes of life,
Fryes all my vitalls into Ætna's flames,
And makes a bonfire of my burning heart.
My Spoongy bellows that were wont to blow
Cool fannings to my bodies center,
Are Suffocate with Sulphrous heat. no crany left
To cool a tortur'd Soul.
Go fetch me *Vulcans* bellows, they'l doo't sure;
Or--- if not they,
I'le force a passage through this house of clay,
and let in air
Att. Lay hands upon him till the fit be past.
E. These flaming Lampes burn red with fury rage
To feel my marrow broil; my singed scull
Reverberates the fury to my brain,
And makes me mad. All this whole mass of man
Is metamorphis'd to confusion.
Hurry me strait unto the *Eolean* cave,
That Boreas may bore me through and through.
There shall ye see this active torrid Zone
Tug for the mastry with the windy King;
That fire with air, and air with fire may burn,
Till fire and air do into Chaos turn.
The devil sure's a rare Doctor: of ancient standing too. I'le have him sent for, and --- to bid him welcome a shall break his fast with braines, twill be a rare breakfast, they are already frying in my scull. For---- to have them cookt in a Kitchin-pan woo'd shew poor, and not Suit with his greatnes? But let the Mercurian messenger make hast, they will be fry'd too much else, and then all's not worth a button. Hark---hark--- hark---how the furies laugh to see me tortur'd See.--- See--See. where they come from *Erebus*---There's *Megara*, *Alecto*, there *Tisiphone*? ho ho ho ho: thats not she, tis some bastard fury made of Air to cheat my fancy. I am abused, Ile not indur't:
Can your inky King
Cure my black soul? my soul, I there's the thing.
Att. See now the fit is past
How temperate he walks. With what a serious eye
He views the heaven, and then the earth: and then
Himself with wonder: As if heaven and earth
Were there infused: See now a starts agen,
I fear another fit.
Elea. The soul's the thing indeed, this but a reaking dunghil:
Stay: what i'st made of? tis extracted sure
From the pure Essence of refined air,

Puffed

Puff'd - - - for when the wind is gone,
Commend me to the Carrion carcals.
There's nothing left but meat for mistress maggot.
Of your Philosophers, give me *Pythagoras*,
For all the rest are fools: meer fools: dee mark me Sir,
Why may not this same windy soul of mine,
Make musick in a musty midwife?
Or in a mouldy bawd: O - - twoo'd do rare in her:
twoo'd make her mumpe out mischiefs by the dozen:
Marry - - of all your beasts - - I wood not be
A post horse: Souns then I should be trotted,
and trotted, and trotted to the devil:
No, no, no, Ile no poast horse.

Enter his Fathers Ghost in white.

Room, room, room for the miller:
Mas now I think ont, tis as bad to be mil horse:
For he goes round about, and round about, goes round his Father
And round about - -
Ghost. Fool: thou art posting to the stage of death!
Adiew, adiew, adiew: expect thy doom. *Exit:*
Eleaz. by this light a rare miller.
Wo, ho, ho, wo, ho, ho: *Miller, Miller.* *Exit*
Atten. We must not leave him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Jehocanan *and* Simeon *upon the Walls:*

Sim. their valour yet lives fresh within the walls:
They man the breaches bravely.
Je. Call ye this valour, meer dunghil cocks by heaven,
Stuff, put a Coward in the face of death,
Extremity of fear will make him fight,
Fight Valiantly too. Give me the man
That mans a breach in breaking through the rancks
Of Romans foes, their Courages dismaid,
the walls will man themselves.

A trumpet sounds, and Enter Joseph *in Compleat Arms:*

Jo My honored Lords, and deerest Countrymen,
From the right noble *Titus* I am come
to Offer mercy. Ah! my worthy friends,
Even on my knees I beg you to imbrace it.
Jeho. Bring forth the rack, and torture the old ruffin. *Gorion brought out and put on the rack:*
Jo. hold- -hold - - O hold. Let not your fury fall
On those decreppid lims, for heavens sake hold,
And here but Joseph speak.
Sim. Torture him I say. *Go:* Oh - - - O - - O - *Jo:*

Jo. Tortures and torments endleſs vex your Souls:
O hold--yet hold, for heavens love hold, not yet: *Go: oh--O--O--*
Muſt I indure to ſee thoſe Sinews ſtretcht,
And not relieve them Muſt I baſely beg,
And kneel? and ſupplicate: and not be heard?
Wrack on - - wrack on I ſay! thou cruell wretch:
Tear the diſtreſſed Carcaſs from the ſoul,
And ſend it up to heaven to cry for vengeance:
Agen they torture him. O I am tortured too, *Go Oh---*
And torne in peices with the ſpectacles.
Villains, tormentors, Rebells. *they beat him down with a ſtone.*
S. Forſake the walls, and take him.
Enter Jehochanan *and* Simeon *at one door, and* Valerio *and* Nicanor *at another, they repulſe the* Jewiſh *Captains, and* Joſeph *riſeth.*
Va. How fares Joſephus?
Jo. Hurt my good friends, I thank you for this reſcue, *they lead him away and Exeunt.*
Enter Zareck.
Lord *Elazer's* mad: there's my revenge on him.
A comes, a comes:
Now the ſport begins.
Enter Eleazer.
My conſcience is a bawling curr?
Buz, buz, buz: Hee's gone, hee's gone?
Ile, creep, and creep, and creep away,
And then I'le laugh to think how I have gulld him.
Enter his two Attен.
Whiſt; whiſt, whiſt, and catch a mouſe.
Zareck?
Za. My Lord?
E. For heavens love help me, *Zareck:*
Za. Why, what's the matter now?
E. O vengeance, I am peſterd with a Raſcal beyond meaſure:
A knocks, and knocks, and knocks, both day and night
to ſpeak with me, and will have no denyal.
Za. VVho i'ſt, who i'ſt my Lord?
E. A Sooty fellow, black, exceeding black:
And wonderous lean too. Very lean, and hungry:
And but e'ne now I ſtole, and ſtole away:
Could ye but get a truce for ſome---:--three dayes,
VVe woo'd be wonderous merry, *Zareck*:
Za. Methinks we ſhould prevail:
Let's ſooth him in this humour, and we ſhall have excellent ſport anon.
Attен. Content, content:
Za. My Lord, I'le warrant ye, let me alone to deal with him.
Elea.

El: Ye muſt be wondrous earneſt, for I tell ye, he's a peſtilent knave:
Tell him at three days end. I'l hear him all;
Mean while. I'le hide me here : *Behinde the arras:*
ſt'ſt'ſt: *Zareck*: if a aſk for me, *Exit Za.*
Be ſure thou doſt not tell him where I am.
Stand cloſe. ſtand cloſe. hah. whats that.
Att. A ratt behinde the hangings.
Elea. A comes, a comes, a comes. *Enter Za.*
Att. Be not afraid my Lord; tis *Zareck* comes: *coms out ſoft.*
Za. 'Tis done my Lord I warrant ye.
E. For three whole dayes.
Za. For three whole dayes.
E. And nights.
Za. And nights.
El. Gramercy boy, Ifaith.
Therewere three fidlers at a fray,
For ſcraping of their ſtrings in tway,
And *jenkin jobſon* ran away,
With hay tralolly lolly.
Methinkes it were a rare thing to be a Jig-maker.
Come ſhall wee dance-ſhall we dance? hay-hay.
2 *Att.* Certainly a will fall into as much extremity of mirth.
Za. I told ye wee ſhoud have rare ſport anon.
E Excellent good Ifaith, twill do paſſing well.
Hark ye boyes, hark ye. I have excellent crotchets in my head.
Za. What be they, what be they?
E. Muſical, muſical crotchets, my bullyes;
And therefore I'l have a noiſe of fidlers dwell there
To run diviſion? wilt not do rare my boyes?
Za. O paſſing rare my Lord.
E. Very good, and then---
1 *Att.* What then.
E. And then will I turn ballet-ſinger.
You ſhall carry my pack, and you
I'l think of ſome imployment worthy your deſerts.
Will not this be fine Ifaith? hah. ſpeak.
2 *Att.* very fine, very fine.
E. And then wee'l ſing, and laugh conſcience out of countenance;
Fare ye well: fare ye wel, my boys. *Exit.*
Za. If a ſhoud meet his conſcience by the way now,
We ſhould have an old racket with him.
1 *Att.* No, no, hee'l be wholly taken vp now with making ditties,
Moſt inexpreſſible ditties. we ſhal have ſuch fuſtian when we meet him next
2 *Att.* Death, I'l lay my life 'tis he. *E. Bounces at the door.*
Za.

Za. Did not I prejudicate the iſſue?
What will become of us now?
What ſhall we do? *knocks again.*
Elea. Ope the door, ope the door, ye muſty raſcalls.
Att. If we ope not the door hee'l break it ope,
And then a will be ten times worſe.
Za. Stay, is there no trick to pacify his fury?
Hum---I have found out one I think will doo't.
Att. What i'ſt: what i'ſt?
Za. There dwells a fellow not far off: *knocks again.*
Elea. Rake-hells: hell hounds: ope the door.
Att. By and by:
Za. Whoſe Meager looks will ſurely couzen him:
He is in all deſcription like his conſcience:
A wears black too, him wee'l produce faſt bound
To give him ſatisfaction. *knocks again.*
Elea. Rogues, Raſcalls, Cheaters:
Za. Come ope the door, ope the door.
Enter Eleazer.
Za. Why how now my Lord, what's the matter?
E. My conſcience ſlaves: my conſcience.
Za. Has a been at home; has a been at home ſince?
E. You, you, you, know a has: You know a has raſcalls.
Za. O perfidious conſcience, how did a ſwear to us
Not to molleſt him till the time expir'd.
My Lord, my Lord, have but a little patience,
And if I bring him not faſt bound---
E. 'Vm ----- if you do not bandogs *Exeunt: & E. pulls back ant.*
Nay, nay, nay; you ſhall be pawn'd for the reckoning:
I, I, I, wil ſo Jerk ye, if a brings him not,
I will have thee cut out into a town-top, and whipt;
And ----- Petruſio's ſkin ſhall make ſcourges.
Att. Any thing: any thing my Lord: do with me what ye will:
But woo'd I were fairly quit: pray heaven they bring the fellow.
E. Nay, nay, nay; I wool doo't, and to purpoſe too.
Att. See, ſee my lord: ſee where a comes. *they bring one bound*
E. Hah: is a faſt: is a faſt bound?
Att. I warrant ye, fear not.
E. Look too't?
Za. come foreward man, fear nothing.
Pet. Why do's a gape ſo, will a not bite?
Za. No, no, no, I warrant thee,
P. I am peſſance affraid of my noſe it hangs but by the ſkin,
If a ſhould but touch it, 'twere utterly loſt.

Elea. Fury, why doſt thou hunt me?

Pe. What muſt I ſay now?

Za. Say, for food.

P. For food.

Elea. For food? what food will fill thy hungry maw?

P. Let me alone to anſwer now: Poudered-beef.

Elea. I will have him ſhut up a Cramming, wilt not do well *Zareck*?

Za. Exceeding well.

Elea. And then I will make him a chopping boy.

Pet. O rare! does a ſpeak in earneſt now?

Elea. Petruſio: I will have him fed with chopt hay:
And then I will cut him out in ſteaks for my breakfaſt.

Pet: A had better feed upon Cow-beef: for I ſhall eat monſtrous tuff.

E. Away with him *Zareck*; ho, ho, ho, I have him faſt now. *Exeunt all three with Peter.*
I'ſt Petruſio:

Att. My Lord?

E. Feed him with a Pitchfork, leaſt a bite thee by the fingers.
Ho, ho, ho, I have caught the woodcock in a ſtring. *Exit.*

A Table brought out, and ſpread, and Enter Peter.

We have rare cheer towards I faith,
And I am monſterous ſharp ſet,
But I am peſtelence affraid of theſe ſame hungry Captains;
If they ſhould invite themſelves to dinner now,
What woo'd become of me? *One knocks.*
Heres one come already, Ile lay my life on't,
who knocks there?

Ie. Ope the door, ſirrah.

Pe: 'Tis he; tis he: I know him by his terrible voice:
Madam-madam lady madam;
Here's my lord *Iochy* come a gen.

Ie. Ope the doot I ſay. *Pe:* By and by. *Knocks agen.*

P. now is the edg of mine appetite as dul as a beetle.
Hay, hay theres a whole rabblement of captains:
Why madam—lady. *One knocks at nother door.*
I muſt ope the door, or elſe they'l break my pate agen. *Opens the door.*

Enter L. Ichachanan.

Ie. Roſt-meat; roſt-meat: I ſmel roſt-meat.

P. Pox a your quick ſent.—by and by. *Knocks agen, and opens the door.*

Enter Simion.

S. Death, I am almoſt ſtarv'd. A ſhare, a ſhare.
I cry a ſhare. this fellow ſmells of fat, *they draw:*
Of pretious fat; ſirrah confeſs, confeſs. *Boyes hold on him*
What haſt thou eat to day?

Ie. Thou ſmelſt of roaſt-meat: ſlave, where is?

Where

Where 'ist I say? for I wool have it all.
Pe. They'l eat me up between um sure.
S. Thou sha't take me too then; Rascal, go fetch it me.
P. If they don't eat me up, they'l pull me in peeces.
Oh-Oh- I wool Sir, I wool Sir.
Enter Eleazer with his rapier drawn.
E. Give me some food, you hungry Canniballs.
Pe. Heres another, here's another.
Ie. Keep off thou frantick fool.
Pe. Why Madam, Lady; look to the
Roft-meat. the Captains; the captains. *Exit.*
Ie. Minion Come down; come down I say, or by my life
Ile fetch thee down.
L: Mir. Patience my Lord I pray; and you shall see *She draws her Window curten.*
That *Miriam* has reserv'd a part for you;
A plenteous part, enough to feast ye all.
E. There stands the queen of heaven: what ho! *Cinthia.*
Enter the Lady.
Bring forth the bak't meats: Come Lords, sit ye down, *Pe: Bring a Py*
Ile feed ye with such Cates so rare, and delicate,
And of such sturring nature, you will wonder,
When you shal feel their powerfull operation.
See: there's a hand for you; for you a foot;
For you my Lord the heart, the precious heart.
Now good my Lords fall to; fall to I pray.
Elea. The heart is raw and bloudy, Ile not eat it:
It sturrs it sturrs- Rises
Lady What sturs?
Elea: My fathers heart; Ile not endure to see't. *Exit.*
Per. I have a monstrous quame come over my stomack now.
Lady. What; not a bitt my Lord? Ah, my beloved sonn! *She weeps.*
How sweet and pleasing was thy Company,
Whilst thou wert yet a live? and even in death,
Thou still art sweet and pretious; for by thee
These Cruell Captains are become my friends,
By thee I am sustain'd and kept alive.
Sim. I am amaz'd: *Rise all.*
Ie. Fare thee well, thou wretched woman; *Exeunt sofftly.*
Lady. For shame my Lords, let not a womans heart
Out-brave a soldiers: dare ye not taste a bit?
Wast not your Cruelty that caus'd me kill him? *She Weeps.*
And will ye then refuse to eat a part? *Exit.*
Peter. Now have I a conceit, that some thing sturrs in my belly.
I am in travail sure: for my stomack wambles and wambles,

And I shall be deliver'd on't ere long. *Exit Po.*

Drums beat, and they fight within.

Enter Eleazer.

E. where art thou *Cæsar*, where art thou *Cæsar*?
Ile fight with none but *Cæsar*.

Enter Val.

Here comes *Achilles*, brave *Achilles*: *They fight and*
O---- I am fal'n for Ever. *E: falls.*

Enter Lo: Iehochanan: wounded.

Io. Give fire to the Temple; give fire to the Temple: *Exit*

The Temple fir'd, and enter Titus.

Ti. Forbear, forbear, ye cursed wretches; to destroy
Those sacred walls,--how glorious they appear!
O ye rebellious Slaves! how dare ye tempt
So Great a Deity? By all the gods it burns, it burns;
The raving fire has seiz'd the battlements.
Horrors and vengeance, plagues and punnishments
Seiz on your stubborn souls; it burns, it burns afresh;
The heavens are angry sure, they chide with me. *Thunder.*
Forbear- Forbear, thou flaming firmament,
To chide *Vespatians* sonn; for tis not he
Hath done thee this dishonor. *Exit.*

Thunder: Enter Simion, his rapier drawn, with a robe and a
S. Sure the black mantle of the *Memphitists*, *crown under his arme.*
That muzled once the face of *Egypt* aire:
The dreadfull darkness of *Cimmerian* bogs,
Whose neighbour nation to the frozen pole,
For ever's banisht from the Glimps of light:
Nor hel it self, nor ought. (if ought there be)
More dark then hell, can be more horrible--
Then is this dreadfull night, this night of death.
I heard a mighty voice within the Temple cry,
Come away, come away; Let us depart from hence.
Strange apparitions have been seen by many:
Sure Heaven, and Earth, and hell have all conspir'd
Our ruin. I am a maz'd. within this darkesome dale
There is a secret cave will shelter me. *Feels about, and*
Tis here. this strange disguise perchance may save my life. *Enter the cave*

Enter Iehocha: his rapier drawn.

This way, or that, I know not which to take;
I am persued one every side, I will take this. *Exit.*

Enter Valerio and Nicanor.

Va. The two Seditious Captains are escapt,
But sure they cannot long conceal themselves,

Extremity

Extremity of hunger will betray them.
Where is the Generall ?
Ni. Retreating to his tent, and wondrous sad
To see the ruins of the Sacred Temple.
Va. Hee's of a noble nature ; prethy *Nicanor*
Let us invent some pleasing way
To Cure him of his discontent.
Ni. With all my heart : let us present the Maske
We late intended.
Va. Happily thought of ; wee will ha'te to night.
Ni. Content ; content.

Enter Simeon out of the Cave, with a Robe upon him, and a Crown on his head.

Va. Defend me heaven ! what apparition's that ?
Ni. Hah: —— let's speak to it.
Simi. Extremity of hunger has compel'd
Me to reveal my self :
This strange disguise perchance may save my life :
The *Romans* are afraid. *Beckons them.*
Va. A beckons us ; let us go near :
What art thou, that dost wear those Kingly Robes ?
Sim. I am of Sacred Linage *Romans* ;
Sprung from the Kings of *Iuda* ; shelter'd here
To save my life. Conduct me to your Lord the General.
Ni. Lay hands upon him : Now by my life tis *Simeon*.
Come Villain, wee'l conduct thee to the General.
Va. Now By this hand thi. prize was finely caught : *Exeunt, and drag him along*
This wool please *Titus* well.

Enter a Drum cover'd with black, beating a sad Retreat ; two follow with black pendants : Then enter Titus, Gorion, *and* Joseph, *with attendants.*

Titus. Come good old man, now on a *Romans* word
Thou art welcome, nobly welcome :
Come sit down, sit there ; nay I will have it so. *Sits by Titus*
trust me I joy to see thee safe at liberty.
Gor. Thanks to my honor'd Lord.
Tit. How fares thy aged Wife ?
Gor. Shee's well, my gracious Lord,
But somewhat weak with long imprisonment.
Tit. O my *Josephus* ! how I grieve to see
the ruines of thy fair *Jerusalem* :
But as it is, I give the sacred power
to be dispos'd by thee.
Jos. Thanks, my most honored Lord.

Tit.

Tit. Thy Father is grown old, and will desire to spend his days in peace.

A flourish from within.

What means that Musick? *Exit Joseph and enters in age.*

Jos. Thy Captains, gracious Prince, desire to shew thee some pastime.

Tit. We do accept it, give them entrance: 'twill relish well to pass our discontent.

THE MASQVE.

Enter Time *bearing an Escutcheon, six Roman Champions crown'd with Lawrel follow, each bears an Escutcheon:* Jehoshaphat *and* Simeon *follow guarded:* Time *presents his Escutcheon to the General.*

Tit. What's here? six Roman Champions leading the world captive; the Motto: *Not one, but all*: subscrib'd.

Time's winged speed doth here present
Six Moral Virtue's fair Event.
Six Roman Champions, whilst they live,
to these Six Virtues harbour give.

The Champions presents their Escutcheons in order.

Tit. Piety *pourtraied in a black Mantle, in her left hand a Stork, an Embleme of reciprocal love, her right arme stretcht over an Altar, with a sword in her hand, to shew her resolution for Religion: the Motto,* Semper eadem.

Your inventions have done well to give this Virtue priority,
For 'tis the Basis of our glorious actions.
the firm foundation that our Numa laid
When first a did ordain the Vestal-fires:
It would have been more proper had ye limn'd her
Smiling, and pointing to a sumptuous house
Built on the rowling sand: the Motto this,
Sine me peris impensa: well, the next.

Temperance *deciphered in a white Robe, with a sober countenance, in her left hand a* Cornucopia, *with this Motto;* In abundantia abstemio: *the next.*

Chastity *pictur'd in a green Robe, a Lion couching by her side, she points to a Lilly: the Motto,* Pares nos sumus.

Friendship *binding a fardle of sticks together: the Motto,* Concordia regna florent.

Constancy *depainted in a purple Robe, her left hand pointing to the Moon, her right to her Bosom: the Motto,* Mutabile quicquid extra, nil intùs.

Patience *limn'd in a Violet Robe, pointing to——now: Fie, it's not so? 'tis so: the Motto,* Dispares nos sumus, *and under,* Sat citò si sat bene:

This was a good conceit, it likes me passing well:
For now I see, my Lords, yee will not flatter me;
Well, I'le indevour to amend it, Lords:

Come,

Come, now to your sports.

Musick, and they dance: the Mask ended, Time *presents the Prisoners, and crowns.*

Jehoch. Mercy, my gracious Lord. *The Prisoners kneel.*

Titus. What stately Prisoner's hee, that wears the Diadem.

Jo. My honor'd Lord, this is the cruel *Simon*;

And this *Jehochanan.*

Tit. What! art sure tis he?

Jo. Most certain, mighty Prince.

Sim. Mercy, my honor'd Lord.

Tit. Look down, look down, ye powers above, and see the baseſt scum of all mortality.

Is't possible to see the Villains kneel,

And beg?

Seaven daies together let the Slaves be led

In triumph; to be mockt, and scorn'd, and kickt;

And each day tortur'd to extremity,

then put them to an ignominious death.

Si. Curses and plagues reward thee. *Exeunt Prisoners and Guard.*

Ti. Now worthy *Gorion* thou hast liv'd to see

thy self reveng'd of all thine injury.

Gor. Ah my good Lord! I joy not in revenge,

that I must leave to heaven. *Shout within.*

Ti. Enquire the cause of that shout.

1. Attendant. More prisoners brought, my Lord.

Ti. Let them have entrance.

Enter Officers leading Zareck and the Lady Miriam *Prisoners, another following leading* Peter *with an halter about his neck, the Lady weeps.*

1. Offic. Come along Sir, come along; you have no stomach to go too't.

Pet. I have more stomach then to eat, if I had some vittails: hark ye Sir, pray do not pull too hard, least ye pull my head off; it's held on by nothing but skin and dry bones, the marrow is wasted long since; I believe I shall never hold the hanging.

Tit. What Lady's that, whose sad behaviour speaks such discontents

Gor. Ah Noble *Titus*, to relate the story

Of her sad fate, will prove a task too weighty

For a woful breast to utter-----

Let others speak her sad calamity, *Weeps.*

For me it is enough to weep her misery.

Titus Rise up distressed woman: by all that's good, *Lady.*

I joy not in so sad a spectacle. *Kneels.*

Tell me thy cause of grievance: If there be

A way

A way to make thee happy, leave it to me,
And I will see thee righted.

Lady. A way to make me happy? ay me poor wretch:
the world to me is a distastfull thing,
Full of affrighting Objects: pensive thoughts and fears,
Horrors, amazements, anguish, greefe and tears,
Attend my restlesse hours: no room is left
For the least hope of comfort: no starting hole
to ease the torture of a wearied soul. *She weeps.*

Ti. Know'st thou this Lady, *Ioseph.*

Io. My honor'd Lord, this is the Lady *Miriam*
Extracted from a noble family:
the sad Epitome of grief and misery:
the wofull mother of a murther'd son.

Titus. Murther'd? by whom?

Lady Miriam. By me, by this accursed arme, entombed here
within the wretched womb that gave it life. *She weeps.*

Peter. Me thinks I feel a great coe fir in my
stomack now.

Lady. Ah my dear son! thy wounds bleed fresh
In my remembrance: the bloudy act
Sits sad upon my soul, affrights my guilty breast,
Distracts my working brain: Iustice, my Lord:
I cry for Iustice against my cruel self,
And must not be denied it. *She weeps.*

Titus. The vnpleasing Spectacle disturbs me,
Lead her away, and see her safely kept,
And gently vs'd; let wariest eyes
Attend her actions, least shee offer
Violence to her vnhappy self.

La. Were I at liberty for that, I would not linger out
a moment; I hate to live, and yet I fear to dy
By mine own hand; for Heavens love let me----

Titus. Lead her away, and comfort her.

Lady. Ah! be not so vnkind: can ye for pity see
a Caitiff on the wrack of misery,
and not relieve her. *Weeps.*

Gorion. Passion I fear will overcome me,
if she persist in this extremity.

Lady. Open a passage to my guilty soul,
and send it to eternal vengeance ---or if there be
one drop of mercy left for misery,
poure me to heaven to begg it---- *Weeps.*

Titus. My soul relents to see thy sad condition.

Peter

Peter. Thats old gray-beard, that was led a way by me to tortures, if he remembers me, I go to pot: 'it Madam, Lady, Madam, Speak a good word for me. *Eyes Gerion.*

Titus. What's he that wears that livery of Death?

Gerion. A servant to the Lady *Miriam*, the very same that led my aged limbs to torture, but by cumpulsion of the rebel *Jews*: I therefore humbly beg his pardon.

Peter. I, I, I, must to't, now a has spy'd me.

Titus. Come hither sirrah.

Peter. Now I go, now I go, now I go, Lady, madam:

Titus. Although I know thee to be guilty of an offence Deserving death; yet for thy Ladies sake, And this good man's, I give thee life and liberty: Loose him, and leave him to his lady's service: See thou be careful of her preservation.

Lady. Ay me most miserable. *They take the Halter off.*

Peter. O rare! now could I leap out of my skin for Joy. Come away *Madam*, come a way: the sight of the halter makes my stomack wamble. Come away, I say.

Zareck. A ha, ha, ha, ha; Confusion play thy part, And hatch up mischeif to the highest strain Of mans invention.

Titus. What daring prisoner's he, Whose uncouth laughter scorns at misery?

Josephus. The most unheard of piece of villany that ever Nature gave a being to: this is that cursed wretch that blew the coles Of hot dissention 'twixt the Citizens: that murdred the high Priest, and promted on the three seditious Captains to ambition; that rob'd this wretched Lady, and gave fire to Jewries sacred temple.

Titus. Villain, What saist thou for thy self? Is all this true?

Peter. A broke my pate too:

Za. Ha, ha, ha, --- all this! all this and ten times more all this is nothing, not the thousand part Of my unknown designs: did'st thou but know the danger that is in me, thou wouldst not venture me So near thy person.

Titus. Halter him, and lead him to the wrack.

Let him be tortur'd with the greatest rigour
Can be invented. *They halter him.*
Za. Ha ha ha ha---Could'st thou devise
As many tortures as have e're bin born
By all the sons of *Adam*; thus wood I slight
Both them and thee.---- *Spurns at it.*
Tit. I shall unmask this hellish bravery:
Lead him away, I say.
Zar. Thou canst not, Roman, in spight of cruelty,
Zareck will triump in the Victory.
Officers. Come along Sir, come along.
Pet. Hark yee Sir, when ye begin to cry Oh-----
Remember whose pate yee broke, Sir.
Zar. Peace, Babler. *Exeunt Officers with Zareck.*
Tit. Come honor'd friends, upon a Romans word
Ye're nobly welcome: let not *Jewrys* fall
Dismay your Princely hearts: *Romes* General *Descends his throne.*
Will find a way to raise your ruin'd State.
The gods are just; we must submit to fate:
Take care of that distressed Lady.
Pet. Now do I long to see the Captains at it.

Exeunt omnes, the Lady weeping.

Finis Actus Quinti.

EPILOGVS.

THe lofty Buskin, and the learned Bay,
Are not expected to adorn our Play;
Our Author deemeth these fair trophies fit
To grace the raptures of a riper wit.
The stately lines of Sophocles *high strain*
Flow from the fountain of Minerva's *brain:*
Instead of Bayes, and Buskins, if our stile
May fairly merit your deserved smile;
'Tis all we aime at; either grant us this,
Or gently pardon what you judge amiss.

FINIS.